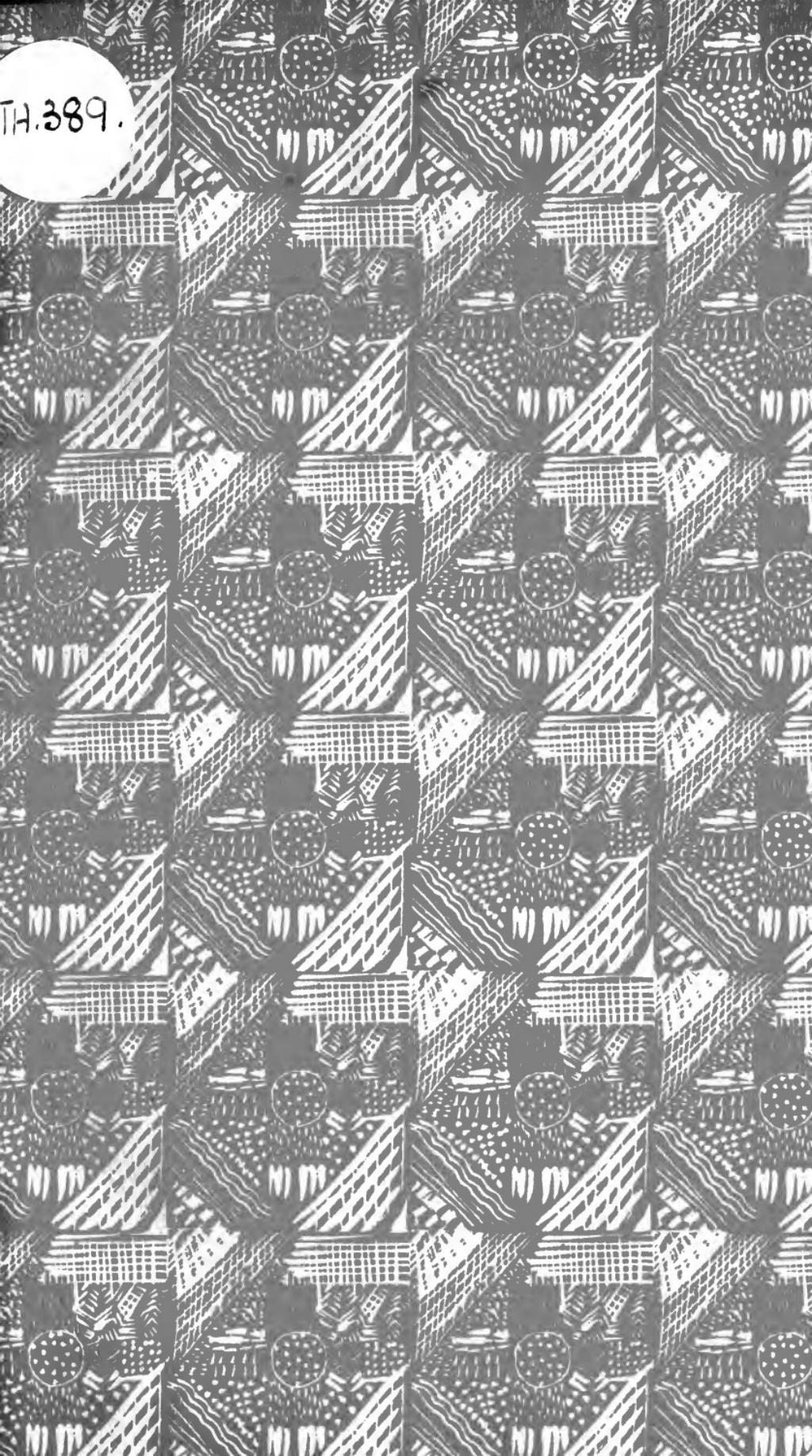


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1824



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10/-
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George Canning.

PRIDE SHALL HAVE A FALL;

A COMEDY:

IN FIVE ACTS—WITH SONGS.

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION

TO

THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING,

&c. &c. &c.

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN,

March 11, 1824.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

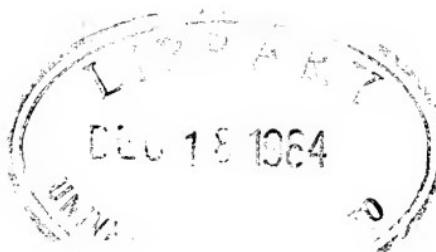
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1824.

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B. Bensley, Bolt Court, Fleet Street.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE CANNING,

&c. &c. &c.

SIR,

I OFFER these pages to You, as my tribute to
public and private excellence—

To the great and popular MINISTER, by whose
firmness, temperance, and ability, PEACE has been preserved
to the Empire—

And to the MAN, eminent for those virtues and
accomplishments which give Peace its highest dignity and
splendour.

I have the honour to be,

SIR,

With great sincerity,

Your most faithful and obedient Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

*London,
March 11, 1824.*



As this COMEDY will be printed before it is played, the Author can say nothing of its performance. Yet he must be indulged in the opportunity of expressing his thanks for the unwearyed politeness and attention of the Managers, Mr. KEMBLE and Mr. FAWCETT, and of the interest taken in its introduction to the Stage by that admirable Actor, Mr. JONES.

The Author would wish to apologize for his Songs; but those who know the extreme difficulty of reconciling the wayward measures of Foreign Music with English Rhythm, will perhaps be inclined to forgive his verses their want of harmony.

Two Songs have been substituted for those printed in pages 48 and 64. One will be found at the end; the other has been introduced by Miss PATON:

Some passages have been omitted in the course of the Representation.

P R O L O G U E.

*Spoken by Mr. CONNOR, in the Character of
DR. O'TOOLE.**

He enters, singing “The Groves of Blarney.”

HERE I am, from the Land of potatoes and fun !
But I'm ending my story before it's begun—
I sail'd from sweet Ireland, no thanks to the wind,
In hot water—(tho' Mistress O'Toole stayed *behind*.)—
How I roasted and boil'd ;—but that part will keep cool ;
So ! now you've the history of Dr. O'TOOLE.

I was smoked upon sea, I was *smoked* upon land,
For the first *man* I met was a *boy* in the Strand,
My own blood relation—a *light* of the age !
For he trims all the lamps in the front of the Stage ;
But by daylight a dasher, a high Bond-street blade—
(This *Trimming*, they tell me 's a mighty fine trade)—
“ So!—you're come for an actor ? ”

Says I ‘ You're just right.’

“ Eh !—then—could you speak us the Prologue to-night ? ”
‘ What's a Prologue ? ’ says I.—

“ 'Tis a sort of a thing

“ That an Actor must mouth, like a Tragedy King,
“ With his worst leg behind, and his best leg before ;
“ 'Pon honour, I vote it a horrid great bore :

* Irish Tutor.

“ Half a puff for the *House*, half a rant for the Nation ;
“ In short,—’tis—a *Prologue*.

A grand Botheration !

“ Not a word for the Ladies ?

—Pat, what I’m afraid is,

“ You’re not to be trusted in sight of the Ladies :

“ No ; hit them on Politics—‘bold British Tars’ !

“ (’Tis unlucky for that, that we’ve done with the wars)

“ Then, conclude with a whisper on Spain or on Greece.”

“ By my oath,’ says I, ‘ I’d be for breaking the peace ;
I’d give them a laugh ; they should know, by a joke,
’Twas a *Comedy* night, before one word was spoke.

A true *British Comedy*, tho’ all the Actors

Were *strangers* ; Men, Women, Hussars, Malefactors !

Not ‘neat as *imported*;’ I’d show at a glance

Not a *line of it* came in the wagon from France.

I’d say, with a mighty low bow, to the Pit,

“ *We’ll* find the good humour, if *you’ll* find the wit ;

Our Poet, too, sins for the *very first time*,

And for fear the first’s last,—pray encourage his crime.”

To the Boxes I’d say, with my hand on my heart,

“ Dear girls! it’s a love-tale, all flame and all dart ;

And if ever you hope to be Bridegroom or Bride,

Smile a good word to-night on the *Comedy*’s side.”

To the Gods nigh the roof, I’d say, “ British boys, roar,

And when our Play’s done, all give *me* an *encore*.”

Tol de rol lol, tol de rol lol.

[*Exit, singing.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Count Ventoso</i>	Mr. FARREN.
<i>Lorenzo, a Captain</i> ..	Mr. C. KEMBLE.
<i>Colonel Pistrucci</i>	Mr. ABBOTT.
<i>Major O'Shannon</i>	Mr. CONNOR.
<i>Cornet Count Carmine</i> }	Mr. YATES.
<i>Torrento</i>	Mr. JONES.
<i>Stefano</i>	Mr. EGERTON.
<i>Spado</i>	Mr. BLANCHARD.
<i>Jailor</i>	Mr. TAYLOR.
<i>Lazaro</i>	Mr. BARNES.
<i>Pisanio</i>	Mr. PYNE.
<i>Civil Officer</i>	Mr. HENRY.
<i>Lorenzo's Servant</i>	Mr. HEATH.
<i>Officer</i>	Mr. AUSTIN.
<i>Bernardo</i>	Mr. MEARS.
<i>Countess Ventoso</i>	Mrs. DAVENPORT.
<i>Victoria</i>	Miss PATON.
<i>Leonora</i>	Miss LOVE.

SERENADERS—TURNKEYS—PRISONERS, &c.

ATTENDANTS, &c. &c.

Scene—PALERMO.

PRIDE SHALL HAVE A FALL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

NIGHT.

The front of a Villa in the suburbs of Palermo.

A Shrubbery—a Balcony.

SPADO enters with Musicians from the street.

Spa. THERE, my men of strings and symphonies! Lutes in front. I always make the light troops take the advance.—(*They begin to tune.*)—My master is coming—Stand back—All ready? Now, my lads, the moment the lady shows the head of her column, close ranks, and give her a volley of violins. Here's the Signior Torrento. Arrived just in time, your honour! [To TORRENTO, who enters.

Tor. Bravo, gentlemen, well met—fowards—a general discharge,—a raking fire.

[*Approaching the balcony, and speaking towards it.*
Come, wake my lady from the honied sleep,
That sits upon her eyes like dew on flowers;
Our song shall be the sun that dries it off.

Spa. (*Whispering*)—There's light in the chamber.

Tor. Let the silver lute,

Not softer than my love, tell of my love :

Then fill the winds of night with harmonies

Solemn as incense, sweet as zephyr's wing

New wet from rosebuds, to petition her

That she would stoop,—an empress — from her
throne,

And listen to the suit of my true love.

Spa. (*To the Musicians.*)—Now level a mortal
canzonet at her casement—a *bar-shot*. [Aside.]

1st Seren. Sir, shall we sing the Galliard, or the
Allemagne?

Spa. Is this a wine-house, dog! are these the
tunes

To draw a lady down a ladder? [*The casement opens.*]

Tor. See, she's coming; are you prepared?

Spa. Let me alone, Sir, I have been a serenader before now; in my time I would undertake to blow the fattest Signora in all Palermo out of her first sleep.

Tor. Hush! begin—begin.

The SERENADERS sing.

SERENADE.—(Italian.)

Oh, lady!

Sweet lady!

Unveil thine eyes;

The stars are dim, the moon is gone,

The hour's for love, and love alone,

Oh, hear its sighs.

LEONORA appears at the window, and sings.—(Span.)

Gay Serenaders, away, away !
Maidens must shun you, or be undone ;
Cupid 's a traitor both night and day ;
Oaths are but air, when the heart is won.
Then farewell to his billing and cooing,
The little rogue 's gone, other victims pursuing,
So sing, Fal, lal, la, &c.

CHORUS.—So sing, Fal, lal.

SERENADERS sing.

Lady of beauty ! away, away,
Roses will fade, Time is flying on.
Weep when you must,—when you can, be gay,
Life is too short to be sighing on.
Here at your feet is your Cavalier suing :
Hard hearted beauty, you'll be his undoing !
So sing, Fal, lal, lal, la, &c.

CHORUS.—So sing, Fal, lal, la.

Tor. My adorable !

[**To LEON.**]

Leon. (*Whispering.*)—Who 's there ?

Spa. Your adorable.

[**To LEON.**]

Tor. Dog, be quiet ! Your Torrento. [**To LEON.**]

Leon. (*Whispering.*)—What do you want ? I cannot elope—to-night.

Spa. (*To TORRENTO.*)—What do we want ? Ask her to lend you some money. [**Aside.**]

Tor. (*To SPADO.*)—Villain !—silence, or I shall stab you.

Tor. (*To LEON.*)—Lovely Leonora, this is the propitious moment.

Leon. Ah, deceiver! [She sighs.]

[*TORRENTO* sighs more audibly; *SPADO* still louder.]

Tor. I must leave Palermo to-night.

Leon. This night? so soon!

Tor. Yes, Leonora, my angel! yes. (*He declaims.*)

Misfortune! desperation! fatality! disastrous love!
wrecked happiness! eternal constancy! an early
grave! (That must do.) [Aside.]

Leon. Oh, irresistible! [Aside.]

Tor. Yes, divine Leonora, daylight must not
see me in Palermo.

Spa. Or it will see you in gaol. [Aside.]

Leon. What cruel chance has done this?

Tor. Ah! (*Sighs.*) (What the deuce shall I
say?) [Aside.]

Spa. Tell her you killed a Duke in a duel. Any-
thing will do for a woman. [Aside to *TORRENTO*.]

Tor. Oh, a deadly rencontre! [To *LEON*.]

Leon. Alas! what is to be done? Prudence.

Tor. Yes; I know it all. Prudence! Oh,
farewell!

The image of my love will follow me.

Spa. Aye, and the original, too, if you don't
take care. [Aside.]

She's coming. [Whispers to *TORRENTO*.]

Tor. (To *LEONORA*.)—And make me miserable.
(*He declaims,*) Ruin! anguish! sudden death!

Leon. Are you determined to die?

Spa. A good wife's question! [Aside.]

Tor. Most certainly, and at this moment ; unless we fly together.

(LEONORA kisses her hand, and suddenly goes in.)

Tor. (To SPADO.)—The bird's flown.

Spa. (To TORRENTO.)—Aye, to get moss for her nest. Here comes the lady again, and in marching order.

León. Take this, and now—my love !

[Throwing a bundle to SPADO.

Spa. (Taking it up, and speaking to himself.) A beauty's baggage ! of course, a bunch of curls—a French novel—a box of carmine—a bale of Spanish wool—and a bushel of love letters ! (To LEÓN.) Ma'am, I don't feel the purse.

(TORRENTO brings the ladder to the balcony.)

León. (Flings the purse down.)—There—there—go—come—I am in infinite terror.

Spa. (Puts it in his pocket.)—The doubloons—paid into court. Any necklaces, ma'am ? any earrings—drops— [To LEÓN.]

Tor. (To SPADO.)—What are you picking, up there ?

Spa. Nothing ; only a little courage, against a wicked world.

(TORRENTO mounting the ladder—LEONORA about to descend.)

Tor. My love, the coast's clear, the ladder's safe. By Cupid's white wings, and Hymen's yellow torch ! Now—

1st Seren. (*To the others.*)—Aye, now; now's your time to bargain. (*Calls to Tor.*) Signior, we cannot stay any longer.

Tor. (*To SPADO.*)—Muzzle those miscreants—Stop their tongues, I say.

1st. Seren. We will stop neither tongue, foot, nor fiddle, under ten sequins.

Tor. (*On the ladder.*)—Come, my bewitching—(*She shrinks.*) (*To SPADO.*) Here, get rid of them. Give them these five.

1st Seren. Five, Signior! at half price we always make it a rule to rouse the neighbourhood. Gentlemen musicians, roar for your money.

(*They begin to sing loudly, repeating the Trio.*)

Tor. What's to be done? my charming, exquisite,—is there nothing to drown them with? Oh, for a water-spout—a cataract—a general deluge!

Leon. They will awake the house, farewell.

[*He retains her hand.*

Spa. (*To Tor. running to the foot of the ladder.*)—Master, you had better give them the other five. They have their scale of prices. They have their “Seducer,” their “Sleeper,” and their “General Disturber.”

[*Aside.*

1st Seren. We'll rouse you three streets at a time, Signior.

Tor. (Five sequins. The last coin I have upon earth. Here, here—Spado!) (*He gives them.*)—Come, my enchantress.

[*To LEON.*

Spa. (*To the Serenaders, as he puts the money in his pocket.*)—Lads, my master says, that if the streets were paved with pistoles and piastres, he would not give one to save the whole gang of you from the galleys.

1st Seren. Then chorus, gentlemen.

(*They sing loudly.—Viva Tutti.*)

Here's a roar for all bad masters,
Ducats, pauls, pistoles, piastres,
Never in their purse be found.

Here's a roar, &c.

(*A noise within the house.*)

Leon. Undone, undone ! farewell for ever—till—
till to-morrow. [Retires, and shuts the casement.]

Tor. Help me to take away this ladder ! Confusion ! my old ill luck ! [He holds the ladder.]

Spa. Sir, I have an instinctive aversion to ladders. (*Shrinking.*)

(*TORRENTO grasps him.*)

(*Voices within.*) Thieves ! murder ! fire !

Spa. Fire ; do you think I'm bullet proof ? There, there, I'd swear to the cocking of their pistols.

[*Trying to escape.*]

(*TORRENTO carries off the ladder towards the SERENADERS, who are grouped in the distance, clamouring and laughing.*)

Tor. Well, gentlemen, this is serviceable. A pleasant affair ; a pretty business you have made

of it. What have you to say for yourselves, you rascals !

(*Two step out from the group.*)

1st Seren. Signior, we will be more serviceable still, and see you to your lodgings.

Tor. I'll break every head and fiddle among you. Begone !

1st Seren. Master, since you won't let us go with *you*, perhaps, you will do us the honour to go with *us*. Here, Lazaro. (*The two come up, and lay hold of TORRENTO. They show him a Warrant.*) You know the name, perhaps ?

Tor. (*Exclaims*) The devil !

Spa. (Aye, his principal creditor,) [aside.] I'll be off ; these Serenaders are old hands at a *catch*.

[Exit.]

1st Seren. We have been looking for you a long time, but your tricks were too many for us. If you will keep running gentlemen through the body, you must be laid by the heels for it ; that's law. [*They drag him along.*]

Tor. Law ! Take off your hands, then, and let it at least be *civil* law.

1st Seren. Off with him. Move, Signior ! Troop ! forwards !

Tor. Then I'll beat the march upon you. [*He attacks them. They drag him out, fighting.*]

SCENE II.

VENTOSO's House. An Apartment, with handsome furniture, some family pictures on the walls. A japanned liqueur chest, a desk with a ledger. **VENTOSO** in a gouty chair. A Servant attending.

Ven. Why here 's a life ! The coldest night o' the spring ;
With every blast a quinsey, gout, catarrh ;
To play the sentinel ! Go, call my wife—
Bring me that desk. [To the Servant.

(The Servant wheels over the Desk.)
And this is to have daughters ! Shut the door !
'Twill take a summer to get last night's frost
Out of my bones. Boy, let me have my cloak.

[The Servant goes.
Well ! I'm a Count. Pride was the Devil's sin,
It might be left to be his punishment.
Then, there 's my new estate,—that draws all
rogues
About my house, like drones round honeycombs.
I wish 'twere in the moon !

There 's not a night,
But I am roused by jangling sonneteers,
Strummers of wire, wild riots, rabble roars :
Better be bankrupt, beggar, nothingness,

Than be thus baited.

Would my ancient friend
Had lived to keep his title to himself,
And left me to my trade.

The Countess enters.

How now, good wife?

Coun. Good Countess, if you please (*haughtily.*)

Ven. (*Peevishly.*) Good *Countess*, then!

I sent for you to say, this rioting,
This cheating of fools' ears with nightly songs,
Must have an end. I cannot close my eyes,
With your fine daughter's frolics—I could sleep
Better on roaring Etna.

Coun. Sleep in the day.

Ven. I'll leave Palermo.

Coun. And for what? (For Heaven!)

[*Aside.*]

Ven. Countess, I'll not be made a common prey
To all your fortune-hunters. Must I have
My house turned inside out, my daughters fool'd,
My lungs chok'd up with asthma?—So, prepare!—
I'll build a hut a hundred miles off, wife!

Coun. Here is rebellion. (*Aside.*)—Signior, spare
your speech;
I'm mistress here, and have been—

Ven. (Forty years!) [*Aside in vexation.*]

Coun. If girls are handsome, noble, young and
rich—

Ven. Satan's about the house!—You're all the same.—

I'll sell my house and lands.

(*He walks about angrily*) What's woman's wit,
Gentle and simple, toiling for thro' life,
From fourteen to fourscore and upwards? Man!
What are your sleepless midnights for, your routs,
That turn your skins to parchment? Why, for Man!
What are your cobweb robes, that, spite of frost,
Show neck and knee to Winter? Why, for Man!
What are your harps, pianos, simpering songs
Languish'd to lutes? All for the monster, Man!
What are your rouge, your jewels, waltzes, wigs,
Your scoldings, scribblings, eatings, drinkings, for?
Your morn, noon, night? For man! Aye, Man,
man, man!

[*He sits at his desk.*

Coun. (*Aside, in surprise.*)

Here are bold words!—his ancient spirit 's roused;
Here 's his o'erflowing torrent of fierce speech,
That I had thought dried up this many a day;
Well, take your way, my Lord! [Retreating.
(I'll have that ledger burned.)—(*Aside.*) There 's news arrived.

Ven. News—aye—I should have letters. How 's the wind?

(*He rises, and looks out.*)—Due south,—

(*Gladly.*)—From Lisbon and the Straits!

Coun.

The Captain 's come!

Ven. Bravo ! old Bartolo. I'll lay this chest
Of choice Noyeau, the last of all my stock,
My *relic*,—to your Ladyship's turquoise,
He brings a glorious cargo !

Coun. Have you ears ?
I say Lorenzo 's come.

Ven. (*In great triumph.*)—That 's better still ;
Long live the "Golden Dragon"—that 's the ship !
She'd beat a dolphin !—

Coun. (*Impatiently.*)—Will you let me speak ?
Ven. I charter'd her myself, to take in furs
At the Kamschatkas ; then, for cinnamon,
Touch at Ceylon—make up her diamond bags,
Emeralds and silks, along the Malabars—
Then, at Benin buy gold dust, elephants' teeth,
Sandal, and ambergris.—Lorenzo 's come !
I bade him, love, remember on his life
To bring a monkey for your Ladyship !

Coun. I tell you, that Lorenzo is come back,
Straight from Morocco, he of the hussars !
Jacinta saw him landing at the Mole,
With half a dozen varlets like himself,
An hour ago. He *must* not wed *my* child,
The fellow's blood 's plebeian !

Ven. (*Agitated.*) The Hussar !!
The world will be let loose. Here 's new turmoil ;
Here 's woman's work ! Here 's fainting, scolding,
(*Aside.*)—Wife,
Did we not make *some* promise ?

Coun. That was in other times. We're noble now;
I'll teach him how to deal with Countesses.

Ven. Woman, he may be nobler than we think.
Our kinsman, Count Ventoso, as whose heirs
We left old trade for title, (luckless change) [Aside.
Favour'd the boy, placed him i' th' foremost troop
Of all the Service, nay advis'd this match
Upon his death-bed, not three months ago.
There hangs some mystery—

Coun. (Angrily.) He's Paulo's son,—
The fisherman's, beside your Cousin's gate!

Ven. But—if Victoria like the man?

Coun. Like him!
She shall be dutiful and hate him, knave!—
But she's *my* daughter. She has proper pride.
I've talked the business with her; I have a tongue.

Ven. I know it, (would 'twere dumb!) [Aside.

Whose voice is that?

Coun. Victoria's; you may question her yourself.

Ven. My brain's too old for love talk. Come away.
Two women's tongues at once!—St. Anthony! [Ex.

VICTORIA enters, agitated.

Vic. My mind's a tossing sea, wherein my thoughts,
Like tempest-shaken barks, sweep on at chance,
And perish as they sweep. [She sings.

(Italian.)

Love, thou dear deceiver!

Here at length we part;

From this moment, never

Shalt thou wring my heart.

Yet this tear-drop stealing,
 Yet this throb of pain,
 Tell me, past concealing,
 I'm thy slave again.

List'ning saints ! befriend me ;
 Love ! my peace restore ;
 Pride ! thy spirit lend me ;
 All will soon be o'er.

VENTOSO and the COUNTESS hurry in.

Coun. 'Tis he ! he 's in the porch. Go, turn him back,

Tell him, *I'll* not receive him.

Ven. (Agitated.) I go ?—turn ?—
 Not for a cargo !—

Vic. Whom ?

Ven. Lorenzo ! girl.

Vic. Lorenzo !—Heavens !—I dare not meet him now.

Coun. Where's the child flying too ? [Holding her.

Vic. Let me begone, or see me die before you. [She rushes out.

Ven. Let me begone, and deal with him yourself.

Coun. Here you must stay.

Ven. (Listening.) Let me but get my sword ; There 's battery and bloodshed in his heels.

LORENZO enters in high animation. He takes their hands.

Lor. My noble father ! Countess mother too ! I heard of your good fortune at the port,

And give you joy! I came on wings to you.

Where is Victoria? [They stand sullenly.

(Anxiously.)—Is she ill?

Coun. No! well.

Lor. Then, all is well.

Ven. What shall I say to him? [Aside.

(Embarrassed.)—How go the wars? You've had hard fighting, Sir?

Lor. Blows, as was natural; beds, as it pleased Fate,

Under the forest-trees, or on the sands,—

Or on the billows. Where's Victoria, mother?

Coun. Mother, forsooth! [She walks away haughtily.

Ven. You had rare plundering in Morocco;—Silks, The genuine Persian—Cachmere shawls—

Lor. None, none.

Ven. Bottles of Attar—jewels!

Lor. Not a stone!

Where is my love? (He calls.) Victoria!

Ven. (Gravely.) Hear me, Sir; Our house has had new honours,—large estates Have found their heirs in us.

Lor. I've heard all this.

Coun. How he flames out!

Ven. It is the custom here That like shall wed with like—

Lor. Custom of fools!

No! wise and worldly, but not made for us.

I am plain spoken ;—love her—know no art,
 But such as is the teaching of true love ;
 And as I won, will wear her. Count, your hand !
 This is to try me.—Yet, what 's in your speech,
 That thus it hangs so freezing on your lip ?
 Out with the worst at once. Your answer, Lord.

Ven. Our name 's ennobled.

Coun. Are you *answered* now ?
My child, unless she find a noble spouse,
 Shall die unmarried.

Lor. (*In sudden dejection.*) Is it come to this ?

[*Turning away.*

'Tis true, I should have learnt humility :
 True, I am nothing ; nothing have—but hope !
I have no ancient birth,—no heraldry ;—

(*Contemptuously.*)

No motley coat is daub'd upon my shield ;
 I cheat no rabble, like your Charlatans,
 By flinging dead men's dust in idiot's eyes ;
 I work no miracles with buried bones ;
 I belt no broken and distemper'd shape
 With shrivell'd parchments pluck'd from mouldy
 shelves ;

Yet, if I stoop'd to talk of ancestry,
 I had an ancestor, as old and noble
 As all their quarterings reckon—mine was Adam !

Coun. 'Twere best stop there. You knew the
 fisherman.

By the Palazza !

[*Tauntingly.*

Ven. (*To the Countess.*)—Will you have swords out? [Aside.]

Lor. (*With dignity.*)—The man who gave me being, tho'—no *Lord*,

Was Nature's nobleman,—an honest man!

And prouder am I, at this hour to stand,

Unpedestall'd, but on his lowly grave,

Than if I tower'd upon a monument

High as the clouds with rotten infamy.

(*Calls.*)—Come forth, sweet love! and tell them how they've wrong'd

Your constant faith.

Ven. (*To the Countess, aside.*)—He'll have the house down else.

Coun. You shall be satisfied. Now, mark my words! [She goes out.]

Lor. (*Turning on VENTOSO.*)—What treachery's this?

Your answer, Sir. I'll not be scorn'd in vain!

Ven. (*Agitated.*)—Saint Anthony, save us! I foresaw it all—

Left here alone with this—rhinoceros! [Aside.]

(*To LORENZO.*)—Nay, Captain, hear but reason; let's be friends.

My wife—all womankind must have their will—Please her, and buy a title.

* *Lor.* Title, fool!

* *Ven.* (*Following him, soothingly.*)

Then half the world are fools. The thing's dog-cheap,

Down in the market, fifty below par ;
 They have them at all prices—stars and strings ;
 Aye, from a ducat upwards—you'll have choice,
 Blue boars, red lions, hogs in armour, goats,
 Swans with two necks, gridirons and geese ! By
 Jove,

My doctor, nay, my barber, is a knight,
 And wears an order at his button-hole,
 Like a field marshal.

* *

VICTORIA enters, urged by the COUNTESS.

LORENZO rushes over to her.

Lor. (*Gazing on her.*)—Victoria, love ! I knew
 thou wert unchang'd,
 As is thy beauty. Aye, this faithful lip
 Keeps its true crimson, and this azure eye,
 As blue as heaven, is, far as heaven, above
 Our fickleness of nature.

Vic. (*Agitated.*)—Sir ! this is painful.
 Stand beside me now. [*To the COUNTESS, aside.*]
 We know you—a most honour'd gentleman—
 A Cavalier accomplished.

You will find
 Others more worthy of your love.—Farewell—
 I do beseech you, Sir, forget this day,
 And with it—me. [*She sinks into the Countess's arms.*]

Coun. (*To LOR.*) —Are you convinced at last ?

Ven. You see the tide's against you. [*To LOR.*]

Lor. (*In anguish.*)—All 's undone !

(He returns suddenly, and takes her hand as they
are leading her away.)

Victoria, look upon me!—

See the face

Of one to whom you were heart, wealth and world!
When the sun scorch'd us,—when the forest-shade,
Worse than the lances of the fiery Moor,
Steep'd us in poisonous dews,—I thought of *you*,
I kiss'd this picture (*Taking out her miniature*) and
was well again.

When others slept, I follow'd every star,
That stoop'd upon Palermo, with my prayers!
In battle with the Moor, I thought of *you*,
Worshipp'd your image with a thousand vows,
And would have fac'd ten thousand of their spears
To bring back honours, which before your feet,
Where lay my heart already, should be laid.
In health and sickness, peril, victory,
I had no thought untwin'd with *your* true love.

COUN. (Impatiently turning to VENTOSO.)
Why don't you talk to him?—

No blood of mine
Shall link with any *trooper* of them all.
I'll have no knapsacks in *my* family; [To LOR.
I'll have no barracks, and no Hectors here;
No captains, with their twenty wives apiece,
Scuffling about my house; no scarlet rogues,
Who think their tags and feathers title good
To noble heiresses.

Ven. (*Agitated.*)—Wife, lead her in—
 (Those women—Oh, those women!—plague on
 plague!) [*Aside.*]
 (*To LORENZO.*) Come here again—to-morrow—
 when you will—

But leave us now.

(*To the Countess.*) The girl will die.

(*To LORENZO.*) Good day.

Lor. (*To VICTORIA.*)—One word.

Vic. My parents have commanded, Sir,
 And I—I must—obey them. [*She is overpowered.*]

Lor. (*In anguish.*)—Faith's gone to heaven. I
 should have sworn, the gold

Of India could not thus have slain true love!
 Victoria, hear me.

(*To VENTOSO.*)

Where's your honour, Sir?

(*Turning away contemptuously.*)

No; I'll not stoop my free, recovered heart,
 To play the mendicant. Farewell to love:
 Henceforth, let venerable oaths of men,
 And women's vows, tho' all the stars of Heaven
 Were listening,—be forgotten,—light as dust!—
 Go, woman! (*She weeps.*)—Tears!—aye, all the
 sex can weep!

Be high and heartless! I have done with thee!

[*Rushes out.*]

Vic. Lorenzo!—Lost for ever!—

Coun. Would the fool follow him? [*She holds her.*]

Ven. Speak kinder, wife,
Her hand's like ice.—Those women! [Sustaining her.

Vic. (Feebly) Lead me in.
Where's Leonora?

Coun. Run away, no doubt.
Call her, to help my Lady to her couch.

Ven. (Musing.)—Lorenzo's wrath is roused.
He'll find revenge.

He'll loose his comrades at us, hunt us down,
We'll be the scoff o' the city. All's undone.

Coun. The girl shall have a Noble—she's a match
For a Magnifico.

Ven. For any man!
(Had she her mother's tongue.) [Aside.
(*He calls LEONORA.*)

[*Exeunt.*

LEONORA comes in, with vivacity.

Leon. Did I not hear my name, and loudly, too?
Or was 't some spirit hous'd within these walls,
That, hearing it a hundred times a day,
Echos the sound by instinct?

"Twas my name!
Am I found out? Then, serenades farewell;
Love-speeches by the moonlight, and sweet dreams
For convent bars and bolts, vespers and veils,
Till Hope and Beauty, like twin flowers, decay,
For want of cherishing.

LEONORA sings.—(Spanish.)

Welcome Duty,
Farewell beauty;
Welcome matins, vespers, veils and tapers !
Welcome fasting,
Everlasting ;
Welcome quarrels, scandal, sulks and vapours !
Welcome weeping,
Never sleeping ;
Farewell dances,
Plays, romances,
With a lira la, &c.

[Slowly.]

No ! let creatures
Without features
Turn their skins blue, green, and yellow.
Farewell chanting,
Farewell canting,
Farewell Nuns so meek, and Monks so mellow.

Welcome wooing,
Billet-douxing,
Cards, quadrilling,
Flirting, killing,
With a lira, la, &c.

[Spiritedly.]

End of First Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Billiard Room.

The COLONEL is beside the Table, betting. The MAJOR and CORNET playing. Other Hussars and Officers are sitting in remote parts of the room, smoking, reading, &c.

Col. I am not yet in despair, *Cornet*.

Maj. Bet what you please with him, *Colonel*. We have the game,—pauls to pistoles. Play. (*He plays.*)—Missed it, by the glory of the Twentieth.

Cor. Here ; Marker ! hold this meerschaum. (*Giving his pipe.*)—Beat me ! Spadaccino ! I beat the Venetian marker, who could whisper the balls into the pockets ; a fellow who had pillaged the whole Senate ;—Corpo di San Januario ! Beat me ?

Maj. The Venetian marker ! I have beat every marker, from the Hill of Howth to the Peak of Teneriffe. I have brought home this muff (*taking off his cap*) full of ducats and doubloons, since I have handled a cue in his Sicilian Majesty's service.

Cor. It was handsomely filled—for once ! Play. (*He misses.*)—Diavolo ! Confound this coffee-house game. Hazard and high life for me !

Maj. Ha, ha ! the *Cornet* is a young soldier : he soon tires of being in the way of the *balls*.

Now for a cannon. Play. (*He misses.*)—That's all ill luck.

Cor. Cannon!—muffs and meerschaums—you always fire *great guns*. Play. (*He plays.*)—Mark two. [To the Marker.

Maj. (*Turning angrily.*)—Great guns! That is, I imagine—

Cor. (*Interrupting him.*)—Rather—

Maj. That I exaggerate. [More irritated.

Cor. Very generously.

Maj. That I colour. [Approaching him.

Cor. Never!—no man alive can charge you with a propensity to blushing.

Maj. Count Carmine—I have never found occasion for it. I wish I could say as much for all my friends, Cornet my dear.

Cor. Diavolo! Do you mean to insult me? This hurts my honour.

Maj. By the glory of the Twentieth, no man can cure it easier—plaster it with your vanity.

Cor. Draw, Sir! [He half draws his sabre.

Maj. The Cornet has got his fighting moustaches on—I must humour him. Draw, Sir! Here goes *my bill of exchange*. [He lays his hand on his sabre.

Col. What are you both about? (*Interposing.*)—Cornet, I must request—We shall be taken for a fighting regiment.

Cor. Impossible!—Excuse me, Colonel. (*He*

takes off his cap to the Colonel, and glances within it.) —My mirror! the left moustache quite dishevelled.

Maj. The coxcomb's at his looking glass, by the glory of the Twentieth!

Cor. (Arranging his moustachio.) —One moment, —You would not have a gentleman fight, like a footman, in a state of utter brutality—all blouse!

Maj. Come on, Sir.

Cor. (To the MAJOR.) I make it a rule never to be disturbed at my toilet. (To the COLONEL.) My beard's three quarters of an hour too dark. Now, Sir, to correct insolence! [He draws his sabre.

Maj. Now, Sir! to chastise insolence past correction! (They fight a few passes—the COLONEL and other Officers interpose.)

Col. Gentlemen, gentlemen, put up your swords. Fight in the street, if you will... If one of you be killed here, we shall have the quarrel put in the bill.—(Laughing.) Officers, I command you to stop. This will involve the character of the corps. In a tavern too.

Maj. (Sheathing his sabre.) Colonel, I drew merely for quiet's sake. Tavern! We shall only be taken for tavern drawers.—(Laughing.) And now that it's all over, what the devil was it all about? [To the CORNET.

Cor. Major, you should have understood the language of my feelings.

Maj. How should I understand it, my dear? I never heard them speak a syllable before; it's a new language to me—it's Chactaw, Chicasaw, American-English.

Col. Not another word, Major. Here's some one at the door. This quarrel must not be made a town-talk. (*The door opens, LORENZO enters, and throws himself on a chair dejectedly.*) Oh, it's Lorenzo! why, man, what's the matter with you?—any bad news, Captain?

(*The CORNET and MAJOR return to the table.*)

Cor. The sublime dejection of a disastrous love.

[*Aside to the MAJOR.*

Cor. (*Plays.*)—Game.

Col. Lorenzo, will you play?

Lor. Excuse me, Colonel; I am not in spirits; I beg I may not disturb any one.

Cor. Quite gone out! Dull as a select party of the first distinction, 'pon honour.

Col. Stir, Lorenzo! This doubloon for the doctor who will find out his distemper.

[*Flinging money on the table.*

Maj. Poh! it's the military epidemic—the coming on of the half-pay;—a cursed complication of disorders.

Lor. (*Rises, gradually recovering his spirits.*) The simple fact is, my good friends, I am rather out of temper just now—I have been extremely insulted.

All. Insulted !

Maj. You had a fair thrust for it, I hope ? [Sternly.]

Lor. No, confound it, that was out of the question. 'Twas by a woman.

Cor. Oh, jilted ! nothing more ? Ha, ha ! It might have happened to the handsomest man in the service ; for example—But on what grounds were you turned out ? (To LORENZO.)

Lor. (Angrily.)—Turned out, Sir ?

Cor. *Mille pardons !* I mean, exiled, expatriated, made horrible.

Col. Eh ?—The infidelity all on one side, I suppose,—or—

Maj. Were you in doubt whether you were most in love with the daughter, the mother, or the grandmother ?

Cor. Were you miscellaneous in the house ? Pray, who is the fair deceiver, after all ?

Lor. (Fretfully.)—Old Ventoso's daughter. Now let me alone.

Col. He by the public gardens ; the late merchant—indeed ? [Haughtily.]

Maj. Old Figs and Raisins ? Ha, ha, ha !

Cor. Absolutely ;—old Allspice and Sugarcanes ! Muffs and meerschaums !

Col. So, Captain, the old trafficker refused to take you into the firm ? [Haughtily.]

Maj. The veteran grocer did not like the green recruit. Ha, ha !

Cor. The green!—superb! How picturesque!—The Major's from the *Emerald Isle*. [They laugh.

Maj. By the glory of the Twentieth! you might have turned to trade in your full uniform, my boy. [To LORENZO.

Cor. Hung out your shabrac for an apron.

Maj. Cut soap with your sabre.

Col. And made a scale of your sabretache.

Maj. For the regular sale and delivery of salt, pepper,—

Col. And Indigo.

Cor. No; that's for the *Blues*.

Lor. Gentlemen, I find I must bid you good night. This depresses—this offends me. I'm in no temper for jesting.

Col. Poh! Lorenzo, no parting in ill humour. We all know you to be a capital, high-flavour'd fellow; but, as one of *us*, you might have consulted your rank,—the honour of the regiment,—in this city connexion.

Cor. By all that's dignified, one of the Royal Sicilian, the Twentieth!—should not be conscious of the existence of any thing under a Duke.

Maj. He may nod to a General, eh?—now and then;—Cornet.

Cor. When the streets are empty;—but, he should be familiar with no man—

Col. Under a Prince of the blood.

Cor. Nor with *him*, unless on guard at Court.

Lor. (*Half laughing:*)—Gentlemen, I am perfectly sensible of our infinite superiority—but—

Maj. But what? By St. Patrick, Captain, I don't comprehend. [Haughtily.]

Lor. I never expected that you would, Major O'Shannon. (*To the rest.*)—Unfortunately, all the world are not so accessible to conviction. The venerable lady of the mansion's last words to me were, that she would not suffer a daughter of hers to marry any *Trooper* of us all.

All. *Trooper!* (*In various irritation.*)

Col. Beelzebub! *Trooper!*

Cor. Muffs and meerschaums! } (*Together.*)

Maj. By the glory of the Twentieth!

Lor. Gentlemen of the Twentieth—that was the very word.

Maj. I'll go instantly, and challenge the whole house, from the Count to the kitchen maid.

Cor. Let us send all the farriers to shoe the horses in front of these *parvenus*; we'll hammer them deaf.

Col. Or order the trumpeters to practice six hours a night under their balcony.... [Laughing.]

Cor. Or, to take signal vengeance—

Maj. Aye, to exterminate the whole neighbourhood—

Cor. No man has it more in his power than yourself, Major; sing them one of your—National melodies. [They laugh, the COLONEL pacifies the MAJOR.]

Col. What kind of existence is this dangerous jilt? Have you seen her, gentlemen?

Maj. I have—a hundred times. She was always on parade when I was officer of the day. A tough affair, with a vinegar visage; a compound of—

Cor. Her old father's cellars.

Col. A claret complexion.

Maj. Blue-ruin lips.

Cor. Tongue thick as Tokay.

Maj. And eyes, like hock in green glasses.

Col. With, as I presume, no small share of the Tartar at bottom.

Cor. Tartar! Muffs and meerschaums! Hot-tentot!

Lor. (*Starting from his chair.*)—Colonel! I can listen to this no longer. I insist upon it that the subject shall be dropped. You don't know the lady. She's lovely, incomparable.

Maj. Aye, aye, a Venus of course. [*Half aside.*]

Cor. Yes, if ever there was one at *the Cape*.

[*Half aside.*]

Col. You may leave the lady to her natural fate, the trader is rich. She will throw herself away, according to the manner of all women who have money, and the business will be done by some scoundrel with a plausible leg, a romance on his tongue, and a pair of dice in his pocket.

Lor. (*Starting from his reverie.*)—That will be the most appropriate of all punishments! Her

pride shall be mortified. She *shall* make some degrading match.

Maj. Some Sicilian Quack.

All (murmur.) Sicilian!

Col. Or French Valet!

Cor. Or English Blacklegs, or—

Maj. No farther *Westward*, Sir, if you please.

[*Stopping him.*

Cor. But where are we to find this impostor?

Maj. Ha, ha, ha! Sweet simplicity of youth, find an impostor. Why, man, you'll find him in ninety-nine out of a hundred, and that of the best company. But I'll find him for you within a hundred yards of this spot. You know *my* friend is governor of the jail; I beg his Generalship's pardon, of the Castle.

Col. The jail is the next street, I think. Let us go there directly, and pick out a rogue for our purpose.

Lor. He must not be a ruffian; I will not have her insulted; the fellow must be decent.

Maj. My love, he shall be magnificent; as fine as a Duke, or a Drum-Major. He shall be as full of fuss and feathers as a new laid Aid-de-Camp.

Lor. (*In great agitation.*)—It shall be so. Her pride shall be her shame. I could disdain myself for wasting a thought upon them! a race of weak, presumptuous, purseproud—

Col. But the direct offence,—a little coquetry, a little female tyranny?

Cor. Both as natural to the sex as lips and eyes.

Lor. My dear Pistrucci, (*to the COLONEL*) don't ask me any farther. The matter is too ridiculous, considering what they were. Nothing less than— Yet why should I not say it? nothing less than my want of noble birth—of family—

Col. Poh! They are a family of fools. A soldier's noblest pedigree is his honour. Let him look to posterity.

Maj. Aye, to posterity. Let him make his forefathers out of that. What business has a soldier to be looking *behind him*; by the glory of the Twentieth—

Cor. To the jail, to the jail. I shall take remorseless vengeance. The affair's regimental; the whole Corps has been insulted most superlatively: Trooper! Muffs and meerschaums!

Lor. Yet,—upon second thoughts—I—should rather—

Col. What, man! relenting, retracting?

Cor. You are pledged from frill to fetlock.

Maj. He's at the lady's feet within this half hour. Who'll take ten to one?

Lor. Never; by all that's manly; never! I abjure the sex. Do as you will for me. I will never look at one of them with complacency again. I

must leave you now, I will rejoin you at the jail. All have been insulted, and I— Women!—compounds of vanity, perfidy, pride!—My brain, my brain! [He rushes out.

Cor. Envy, hatred, malice.—

Maj. Well, we can match them in *censoriousness*, at least, *Cornet*. Poh, poh! The only way for a man of honour to look at a pretty woman's faults, is to shut his eyes.

Col. Now, to find our scapegrace.

Maj. To be sure; quick as an Irish quarrel, Colonel. To the jail, gentlemen.

Cor. To the jail—if it must be so,—and yet—Diavolo! 'twill soil my spurs. I'd rather be tried by a court-martial of old women.

Maj. Aye, *Cornet*, every one by his *peers*.—By the glory of the Twentieth! [Exeunt, laughing.

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Jail.—Night.

The JAILOR comes in. He calls.

Jail. Ho! Lazaro! lock up, lock up; make haste, bring me those keys. Let the prisoners have their water: I love to treat the dogs well. And, d'ye see, let me have my wine. [He sings.

For let who will swing,

Your Jailer's a King.

(*He sits at the Table.*) No; your king is not to be compared to your jailor; for *my* subjects never mutiny; *my* will is the law; and as long as there's virtue in iron, I have all *my* Commons within a *ring* fence. Lazaro, I say. (*LAZARO comes in with a flagon.*) Sit down, you old rogue, and fill me a cup. (*Drinks.*) Bright as a ruby! Now, Master Turnkey, do you think we could do this, if we had a brace of wives after us? By no means, Master Lazaro—fill, fill!

JAILOR sings.

For your bachelor's happy,
 And o'er his brown nappy
 He'll drink down the sun and the moon, brave boys;
 But the husband's a wretch,
 That longs for Jack Ketch,
 And a rope's end can't ease him too soon, brave boys,
 And a rope's end can't ease him too soon!

Laz. Master, here's a whole mob of officers outside, roaring away to get in.

Jail. To get into jail? Well, likely enough they may, all in good time; but not to-night. I'll not have my lambs disturbed for any officers unhang'd—fill yourself a glass, and give me a toast.

[*They fill.*

Laz. Here, Master, I give you "Success to the Law." [*Drinks.*

Jail. Why, Lazaro, that toast's against trade; for if there were no rogues, there would be no jails.

Laz. Aye, Master, but for one rogue that the Law frightens, it makes twenty.

Jail. Ha! ha! here then's "Success to the Law," you sly old politician.

Laz. Politician! Lord, Sir, don't take away my character. But will you look at this paper.

[*Gives him a letter.*]

Jail. Eh, what? "Admit,"—"prisoners." (*Reads.*) —The Major's hand: let them in by all means. (*LAZARO goes.*) That fellow has been bribed by the Major: I know it. But we Heads of departments must overlook those things now and then; he'll do as much for me another time. (*Noise of Chains falling.*) Here they are, sad dogs; our morals will be ruined.

The COLONEL, MAJOR, and CORNET come in;
LAZARO leading them, with a lantern.

Laz. (*Outside.*) — This way, gentlemen; keep clear of the Blackhole,—have a care of the rope:—this way, gentlemen.

Cor. Where are we, fellow? This is 'darkness visible'—a cavern—an absolute mine. Muffs and meerschaums!

Jail. Aye, Master Officer, we have a few *minors* here, and of the first families too—ha! ha! ha!

Maj. (*Advancing.*) — Gentlemen! let me introduce you to Signior Jeronimo Stiletto, the guardian angel of Palermo, the author of half its virtues; a gentleman at the head of his profession,

I assure you. Signior, we wish to see a parade of your best ruffians.

Jail. By all means, Major;—hope I have the pleasure of seeing you well. Lazaro, give the word within. (*LAZARO goes.*) Ah, Major, you're in luck—never had a fuller calendar,—prospect of a glorious session!

(*The Prisoners come in, with LAZARO; the JAILOR ranges, and displays them.*)

There, gentlemen of the Hussars, there's a turn out:—right face, rascal!—and a fine burglary face too.

[*Showing a Prisoner*

Col. Capital; broad, bold and bloodletting.

Jail. There's a handsome petty larceny—shy as a cat.

[*Showing a Prisoner.*

Cor. Exquisitely thievish—felony to the tips of his fingers.

Maj. A Noah's ark; a gathering of all the unclean. (*To one of the Prisoners.*) Pray what brought you here, my lad?

1st Pri. My morality. I was a gambler, grew ashamed of my profession, and took to the road.

Cor. The road! exquisite—mended your *ways*. Turned *Field Officer*, you hear, Major. And you, my coy friend?

[*To a Prisoner.*

2d Pri. I was a money dealer; jobbed in the funds.

Maj. From the *stocks* to the jail—the course of Nature.

Col. (*To a third.*)—And you, Sir, were, I presume, not quite immaculate—a thorough rogue?

3d Pri. I was a contractor.

Cor. Conviction, in a word.

Maj. These are poor devils. Have you nothing better; nothing more showy; nothing higher-crested, Signior Jeronimo?

Jail. Better! I hope you don't mean to hurt my feelings, Major. Nothing better! never had a finer family since—

Cor. Billiards and the brogue came into fashion, Major O'Shannon.

Maj. Hazard and high life will do just as well, Cornet Count Carmine. [Imitating.]

Jail. (*Pondering.*)—Yet, what was I thinking of? there's one, a famous fellow, a first rate—brought in last night—an old acquaintance—the most dashing dog about town—a tip-top-gallant; a supernaculum.

Col. Out with him at once, were he the Grand Turk.

Maj. Show your lion. Turn him out of his cage.

Cor. Yes, if he be not—indelicately ragged.

[LAZARO goes—a noise is heard within.]

Jail. Now, he's coming; but take care, stand back, gentlemen. He's a desperate dog; fierce as a tiger. Last night he broke the heads of the whole patrol. Here he comes, in full roar.

(TORRENTO, with his dress torn from the last night's riot, is dragged in by the Turnkeys—he resists, clamouring outside as he comes.)

Tor. Why, you scoundrels, you renegadoes, you dogs in office—what's this for? To be dragged out of my first sleep in my dungeon to look in the faces of such a confoundedly ugly set of cannibals.

Jail. Bring him along. [He is forced in.

Tor. (Continuing to struggle.)—Cannot I sleep, or starve as I like? I'll blow up the prison. I'll massacre the jailor. I'll do worse—I'll let the law loose on you—Villains.

Jail. Poh! Master Torrento, you need not be in such a passion. You used to have no objection to good company—ha, ha, ha! He has been moulting his feathers a little last night.

[To the Hussars.

Tor. Company—Banditti! Who are those fellows? Are they all hangmen?

[Looking at the Hussars.

Maj. A mighty handsome idea, by the glory of the Twentieth. [Laughing.

Col. Sirrah! you must see that we are officers. Take care.

Tor. Officers!—aye, sheriff's Officers. Honest housekeepers, with very rascally countenances.

Cor. Muffs and meerschaums!—Very impudently conjectured.

Tor. Well then, parish Officers ! Hunters of brats, beggars, and light bread.

Maj. (*Laughing.*)—Another guess for your life.

Col. Insolence ! Sirrah, we are in His Majesty's service.

Tor. Oh ! I understand—Custom-house Officers. Tubbs, tobacco, and thermometers.

[*They murmur.*

Cor. Cut off the scoundrel's head !

[*Half drawing his sabre.*

Tor. I knew it ; *ardent spirits*, every soul of them—seizers.

Maj. *Cæsars !* Well done. This is our man—(*To the Hussars.*)—I like him ;—the freshest rascal !

Tor. Jailor, I will not be disturbed for any man. Why am I brought out before these,—*fellows in livery ?* This gaol is my house ; my freehold ; my goods and chattels. My very straw's my own ; untouchable, but by myself—and the rats.

Maj. Here's a freeholder !

Col. With a vote for the galley.

Tor. (*Turning to the Prisoners, harangues burlesquely.*)—Gentlemen of the jail—[*Prisoners cheer.*

Col. A decided speech !

Cor. Out of the orator's way ! Muffs and meer-schaums ! [*The Prisoners lift TORRENTO on a bench, laughing and clamouring.*

Tor. (*Haranguing.*)—Are we to suffer ourselves

to be molested in our *domestic circle*; in the *loneliness* of our private lives; in our *otium cum dignitate*? Gentlemen of the jail! (*Cheering.*)—Is not our residence here for our country's *good*? (*Cheering.*)—Would it not be well for the country if ten times as many, that hold their heads high, outside these walls, were now inside them?—(*Cheering.*)—I scorn to appeal to your passions; but shall we suffer our *honourable straw*, our *venerable bread and water*, our *virtuous slumbers*, and our useful days, to be invaded, crushed, and calcitrated, by the iron boot-heel of arrogance and audacity? (*Cheering.*)—No! freedom is like the air we breathe, without it we die!—No! every man's cell is his castle. By the law, we live here; and should not *all* that *live by the law*, *die by the law*?—Now, gentlemen, a general cheer! here's Liberty, Property, and Purity of principle! Gentlemen of the jail!— [*They carry him round the hall. Loud cheering.*

Jail. Out with ye, ye dogs! No rioting! Turnkeys (*Calls.*)—The black hole, and double irons.

[*He drives them off, and follows them.*

Cor. A dungeon-Demosthenes! Muffs and meerschaums.

Maj. A regular field preacher, on my conscience.

Col. (*To Tor.*)—So then, we must not fix our head quarters here.

Tor. Confound me if I care, if your headquarters and all your other *quarters* were fixed here:

Col. No insolence, Sir. What are you?

Tor. A gentleman. [Haughtily.]

Cor. Psha! *every body*'s a gentleman now.

Col. Aye, that accounts for the vices of the age.

Tor. A gentleman, Sir, by the old title of liking pleasure more than trouble; play more than money; love more than marriage; fighting more than either; and any thing more than the unparalleled impudence of your questions.

Maj. Sirrah! do you mean this to me? I'll—

Tor. Aye, Sirrah, and to every honourable person present. I never drink a health without sending the toast round. In matters of contempt, I make it a point of honour to be impartial.

Col. (To *Tor.*)—Be quiet, fellow. (To the MAJOR.)—Are you hit, Major? ha! ha! ha! We have a service for you. [To TORRENTO.]

Cor. On the staff, 'pon honour.

Tor. A constable. [Contemptuously.]

Col. A constable of France, if you like. You shall be major, colonel, or general, just as you please. You shall have a week's liberty, and five hundred crowns for your campaign.

Tor. A general! What high-road am I to invade? Look ye, Sirs, I am a soldier: unlucky a little, I own.—I am here for running a puppy

through the lungs, who insulted me. (*Looking at the CORNET.*) But whatever comes of that affair, I will do nothing further to disgrace my cloth.

Cor. Considering present appearances, it would be superlatively difficult.

Maj. To retrieve your character, you must turn your coat, my dear.

Tor. To your business, to your business ; whose throat am I—

Maj. You must marry a prodigiously fine woman ; young, and so forth.

Cor. Lead to “The Hymeneal Altar.” “Happy man, blushing bride,” and so forth.

Col. Rich besides—worth a plum.

Cor. The Grocer!—Worth a great many, I dare say. [Aside.]

Tor. Is that the affair ? Good night to you, gentlemen. (*Going.*) I have reasons against it. I am better engaged. Marry!—when I can be hanged any time I like. If it were in England, indeed, I could put a rope round her neck—

Cor. To extinguish—Eh—

Tor. What ! in a *commercial* country.—No, no.—Sell her, make a quiet house, and five shillings into the bargain. Glorious triumph of reason !

Cor. A new idea, 'pon honour. A prodigious reconciler to matrimony. England ; ah ! do I mistake?—the Country, where they make the bank paper and bad port.

Tor. Aye, mermaids and members of parliament.

Cor. Borrow our style of costume.

[*Surveying his figure.*

Maj. Borrow!—I wish we could borrow their style of fighting.

LORENZO comes in.

Col. Lorenzo at last!

Lor. I beg pardon,—I have been detained by—important business.

Maj. Poh! we understand. Examining whether Old Ventoso's premises are as accessible to you as to the rest of the world. Your wife's to be looked for there, my hero. [To *Tor.*

Tor. Old Ventoso's! A capital expedient to see Leonora. (*Aside.*)—How much did you say? (*To the Major.*)—I will reconnoitre the lady.

Lor. You shall have five hundred crowns!

Maj. The Governor will take my word for your re-appearance, and I shall rely upon yours—with proper attendance. [*Aside.*

Tor. Undoubtedly. I shall be tired of the world; that is, of fools and fresh air, in half the time. (But if you catch me here again)— [*Aside.*

Lor. (*To the Hussars.*)—Can we trust this fellow?—Who are you? [*To TORRENTO.*

Tor. By St. Agatha, I don't know. I may be the son of a king or a cobbler, for any thing I can

tell. I am at this hour without purse, profession, or prospect. A sort of half-pay animal on the muster-roll of human nature.

Cor. How did the dog escape suspension so long?

Lor. No equivocation, Sir. You have served? Was it in the Sicilian?

Tor. Yes, in every service in its turn. I smoked my first campaign in Algiers; fiddled my second in Italy; quadrilled my third in France; and diced, drank, boxed and billiarded my fourth in England; and to this hour I cannot tell in which of them all—Impudence is the best talent—a Lie the most current coin—or Canting the most in fashion.

Lor. I cannot think of this insult, with common calmness. Victoria, Victoria! (*He takes out a Miniature.*)—Was this a face for treachery?

[*The MAJOR takes it.*

Maj. A fine creature. She might make me treacherous any day in the week.

Lor. (*Agitated.*)—I cannot talk of this. I submit all to your disposal; but let her be treated gently. She has made life hateful to me!—I am ashamed of this weakness.—The pride of her upstart family cannot be too severely punished. (*To TORRENTO.*)—Offer her but the slightest insult, and I will hunt you through the world.—Would I were in my grave. Oh Victoria! Victoria! [*He rushes out.*

Tor. Gentlemen, there is no time to be lost.
My toilette—my toilette!

Cor. The fellow shall have my whole war-establishment. My parade moustaches, my velvet boots, my embroidered toothpicks—

Tor. But my stud, my team, gentlemen. A swindler's nothing unless he drives four in hand.

Col. True, true! Major, you can lend him your bays for a day or two.

Cor. *Bays!* much more easily lent than one's laurels, Major. [Laughing.]

Maj. What, Sir? (*The COLONEL pacifies him.*)—I will lend him a sabre as long as the Straits of Gibraltar, and a meerschaum that smokes like Mount Etna;—a devilish deal more smoke than fire—like a young soldier, Cornet, my dear. (*The CORNET turns away angrily, the COLONEL pacifies him.*)

Col. He shall have *my* last uniform.

Tor. No, Colonel; my morals and my wardrobe may have sat light enough upon me, but they shall both sit lighter, before I take up the *abandoned habits* of the Hussars. I must have carte-blanche for a hotel, an equipage—a wardrobe—or here I stay.

Col. Carte-blanche! The fellow will make us bankrupt. He'll break the regiment.

Tor. Break the regiment? No!—I don't aspire to be a national benefactor.

Maj. Bravo ! your scheme ?

Tor. The whole affair needs not cost you a sequin. It can be done on credit. Why, if it were not done on credit, nobody would take me for a man of fashion.—When the cash is called for, you have only to follow the most approved examples ; take the benefit—of those walls, and,—*sponge*.

Maj. How the devil did he get his knowledge of first principles ?

Cor. The haut-ton to a hair.—How rapidly the rascal fashionizes !—You can give him the lady's picture, Major. It will be his commission.

Maj. Undoubtedly—when he is ready to start. But what title shall we give our commissioner ?

Cor. Let me see,—Duke of Monté-Pulciano, Sauterne, Coté roti, or Vin de grave.

Tor. No, no. Those are “familiar as household names ;” they are in every body’s *mouth*.

Maj. I have it.—There’s the old Prince de Pindemonté, that all Naples was talking about a year or two ago. He has been roving Europe for some stray son of his. You have no objection to be the heir ?

[*To TORRENTO.*]

Tor. The heir ? I’ll be the Prince himself, or nothing. Prince de Pindemonté ! the very title for me. Brilliant—irresistible ! *My* principality is settled. I’ll be a model to the blood !

[*Parading about.*]

Col. I see a difficulty in this : suppose the Prince should hear of this assumption of his name?

Cor. Or the son, by accident, know his own father? [Laughing.]

Maj. Poh, poh!—the most unlikely thing possible in this country. Besides, after all, what is it but a *nominal* injury, my dear?

Col. Well, Major, to our quarters, and let us give this diplomatist his final instructions.

Maj. (*Calls.*)—A word, Signior Jeronimo. [*The MAJOR converses with him.*]

Jail. You will be responsible, Major?—A week! You may be *wanted*, you know, (*to TORRENTO*) by that time. Good night, your honours. (Sure to see them again, some time or other.—Ha, ha!) (*Aside.*) [Exit.]

Maj. (*to TORRENTO*) Forwards. Come, Cupid.

Cor. Cupid, ha! ha! ha! Follow us.

[*To TORRENTO.*]

Tor. (*Pushing forwards.*)—Follow? Do you know to whom you speak? Follow me; Hussars, follow the Prince de Pindemonté.

Cor. The Prince!—Muffs and meerschaums!

[*Exeunt, laughing.*]

End of Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

An Apartment, with a Balcony.

VICTORIA alone.

Farewell ! I've broke my chain at last !
 I stand upon life's fatal shore !
 The bitterness of death is past,
 Nor love nor scorn can wring me more.
 I lov'd, how deeply lov'd ! Oh, Heaven !
 To thee, to thee the pang is known ;
 Yet, traitor ! be thy crime forgiven,
 Mine be the shame, the grief alone !

The maddening hour when first we met,
 The glance, the smile, the vow you gave :
 The last wild moment haunt me yet ;
 I feel they'll haunt me to my grave !—
 Down, wayward heart, no longer heave ;
 Thou idle tear, no longer flow ;
 And may that Heav'n he dar'd deceive,
 Forgive, as I forgive him now.

Too lovely, oh, too lov'd, farewell !
 Though parting rends my bosom strings,
 This hour we part !—The grave shall tell
 The thought that to my spirit clings.
 Thou pain, above all other pain !
 Thou joy, all other joys above !
 Again, again I feel thy chain,
 And die thy weeping martyr—LOVE.

(*She walks in agitation.*)

Vic. Oh ! what decaying, feeble, fickle things
 Are lovers' oaths ! There 's not a light in heaven
 But he has sworn by ; not a wandering air,

But he has loaded with his burning vows,
 To love me, serve me, through all sorrows, scorns ;
 Aye, though I trampled him : and yet one word,
 Spoke, too, in maiden duty, casts him off,
 Like a loos'd falcon ! No ! he never loved.

LEONORA enters with vivacity. She calls, enter

Leon. Victoria ! sister ! there's a sight abroad—
(She looks in her face with surprise.)

What, weeping ?

Vic. (Embarrassed.)—Girl, 'tis nothing—Chance
 —'tis done.

Leon. (Looking at her anxiously.)—

Nothing, sweet sister ! here are heavy signs
 Of a pained spirit ; sighs upon your lips,
 Blushes, that die away like summer-hues
 On the cropt rose ; and here's a heaving heart,
 The very beat of woe ! *(She presses her hand upon*
VICTORIA's side.)

[*A distant flourish of Horns is heard.*

Vic. (Listening in surprise.)—What sounds are
 those ?

Leon. I flew to tell you, there's a sight i'th' Square,
 Worth all the faithless lovers in the world !

Vic. Let 's rail at love. [Musing.]

Leon. (Laughing.)—Aye, a whole summer's day.

Vic. (Earnestly.)—Love is the lightest folly of
 the earth ;

An infant's toy, that reason throws away ;
 A dream, that quits our eyelids with a touch ;

A music, dying as it leaves the lip ;
 A morning cloud, dissolv'd before the sun ;
 Love is the very echo of weak hearts ;
 The louder for their emptiness ; a shade,
 A colour of the rainbow ;—vanity !

Leon. (*Laughing, half aside.*)—She will forswear
 the world. [A flourish of distant Music.]

Ven. (*Outside, calling.*)—Marcello—Pedro—

Vic. (*Startled.*)—My father's voice—'tis angry—

Leon. Here 's a shade,

We can escape. [They go behind the screen.]

VENTOSO comes in, agitated.

Ven. More plagues for me ; they'll have my life
 at last.

(Calls)—Pisanio ! Fabian ! Pestilence on your
 tribe ;

Would I were rid of you.

A Noble's life !

What is it, after all, but gall and gout,
 Clamour for quiet, etiquette for ease,
 Watching for sleep, for comfort drudgery ?
 To feed a liveried rabble at your cost,
 That rob you to your face !—Pisanio, ho ! [Calls.
 The slaves are deaf or drunk. (He listens, then
 walks again.) To waste the night,
 That Nature made for sleep, in routs and balls !
 To stuff your wives and daughters' heads with
 whims,

That bring lean beggary within the house !
I'll fling it off at once ; sell all, burn all,
I'll fly to Abyssinia—to the world's end,
Before the moon is old.

Vic. (Coming from behind the screen.)

'Tis some new trouble, we must quiet him.

What has displeased you, Sir ? [To VENTOSO, as
she advances with LEONORA.

*Ven. (Pointing to the balcony.)—Look there—
look there—*

The road is full of soldiers, coming straight—

*Leon. Where, my dear father ? [She runs to the
window.*

Ven. Where, but to this house ?

Where else can any mischief light on earth ?

I'll welcome them. (*Calls.*) Marcello, load the arms !

I will have cannon planted at my gate.

Those are Lorenzo's rogues.

Vic. Lorenzo's ? No !

(He has forgotten us—for ever.) [Aside.

(*A flourish of Music.—LEONORA at the window.*)

*Leon. Here comes the loveliest pageant ! all the
porch*

Is fill'd with horsemen, capp'd and cloak'd in gold.

Now they dismount.

Ven. (Hurrying out.)—Unheard of villany !

[*He is met by the COUNTESS, who stops him at the
door.]*

What rabble's this ?

[*The Countess enters, holding up a large Letter, wrapped in silk. She urges VENTOSO back. VICTORIA and LEONORA come round her.*]

Countess. (Haughtily, and smiling.)

What rabble? You are wise,
And all the world are fools! This letter, Count,
Comes from—

Ven. (Angrily.)—From Lucifer!

Coun. Aye, rack your brains;
I'm but a simple woman, have no head,
No eyes, no ears; the world would run astray
But for the men, those great philosophers!

Vic. Dear mother, is 't good news?

Leon. Some noble fête?

Coun. Count, read this name. [*She holds the letter.*]

Ven. (Reads.)—“The Prince de Pindemonté.”

Leon. (Aside.)—Charming title.

*Ven. (Pondering.) I think I've heard the name.
He wants to borrow money, like them all!*

Coun. (In contemptuous exultation.)

When I shut out that captain, that buff-belt,
That low-blooded strappado, that half-pay,
The world must go to wreck. My Lady there
[*To VICTORIA.*]

Forswore her meals, and march'd in tears to bed.
And you, you wisehead, second Solomon—

(*VENTOSO trying to escape, she stands in his way.*)

Ven. Let me go down! What clamour's in the
house?

Coun. You'd have it, that we must be *all undone*,—
A bye-word!—not a husband would be found
In Sicily for *one of us*! Look *here*,
Here is the letter; the despatch; the prize!
(*They gather round to look over it; she repels them.*)
Keep off your hands, no soul shall read a line;
I have perus'd it; 'tis a prodigy! [She reads.]

“ His Highness the Prince de Pindemonté,
Duke of Tofano, Count of Vendittá.” (And
twenty other names besides.) (*Reads.*) “ To the
Count Ventoso, these. Having heard of the rare
beauty of the Signora your daughter; we are dis-
posed to honour your house with the alliance of
our illustrious family. We shall, therefore, in
pursuance of this our princely inclination, go to
your Palazza this evening; and, having approved
of your daughter, shall forthwith marry her.”
Signed——“ PINDEMONTÉ,” et cætera, et cætera,
et cætera.

Vic. Most sovereign insolence! Send his letter
back.

Leon. This is bold wooing, sister?

Ven. There's no talk
Of dower, of borrowing money,—let me see—
[He takes the Letter.]

’Tis writ like a grandee.

Coun. The finest thing
I ever read. Saints! how it smells of musk!
’Tis true court-language, birth in every line;

He is *my* son-in-law. Now, listen all :

(To LEON.) You to your chamber, till you're sent
for, child.

Vic. I shall go with her.

Coun. Yes ; to get your pearls,
Your silks, your laces.

Leon. (Laughing.) Must *I* have no chance ?

Coun. Wise mothers all push off the elder first,
Else she may hang upon their hands for life.

(To Vic.) Curl those wild locks. Heaven help
me, here's a head ! [Looking at VICTORIA.

(To VEN.) I'll give the answer to the Page myself.
Blushing, forsooth ! that colour's out of date,
Unknown among grandes. Look sallow, girl !
The men are all for sentiment this week.

Ven. (Meditating.)—My mind misgives me ; 'tis
a world of rogues ;

I'll sift this Page's brains. [Going, he returns.
Yet, mark me, wife :

No wasteful fooleries ; no banquettings ;
No feedings of this most illustrious—fool,
Who flings his pearl of liberty away.

I will have no carouse. [He goes toward the door.

Coun. We'll try that point. (Half aside.)

(She rings. Servants come in.)

Where are your brother knaves ? Let all come up ;
I'll have a fête to night. Take out the bowls ;

The silver gilt; we 'll sup in the purple room :
I'll show his Highness plate. Fabricio, fly
And hire the opera singers—

(VENTOSO, returning in great agitation.)

Ven. Have I ears ?

(VICTORIA and LEONORA approach him soothingly.)

Vic. Shall we attend you, Sir ?

Leon. Be pacified.

Ven. Stay with that mad woman ! The world's
gone mad !

Princes and fêtes in old Ventoso's house ?

I'll die not worth a ducat. Plague on plague !

[He rushes out. The COUNTESS following him.

Coun. Let him rave on. His wife will manage
him. [She goes out, VIC. and LEONORA
advance, conversing.

Vic. Who is this Prince ?

Leon. Be sure the man is young
Handsome, and rich, who has so wise a taste.
Lorenzo too will suffer, 'tis revenge.

Vic. (Indignantly.)—"Twill be a deep revenge !
It shall be done.

I'll wed this Prince, were he the lowest slave
That ever bronzed beneath a Moorish sun.

PISANIO enters.

Pisan. My lady waits your presence—

Leon. (To VICTORIA.) For the fête !

Revenge ! if there is wit in woman. [To VICTORIA.
(She points to the window.) Look !
 The bridal star is lighted.

Vic. (*Dejectedly.*) 'Tis a lamp
 Lit in a sepulchre.

They sing.—Trio.—(Spanish.)

TELL us, thou glorious Star of eve !
 What sees thine eye ?
 Wherever human hearts can heave,
 Man's misery !
 Life, but a lengthened chain ;
 Youth, weary, wild and vain ;
 Age on a bed of pain,
 Longing to die !

Yet there 's a rest !
 Where earthly agonies
 Awake no sighs
 In the cold breast.

Tell us, thou glorious Star of eve !
 Sees not thine eye
 Some spot, where hearts no longer heave,
 In thine own sky ?
 Where all Life's wrongs are o'er,
 Where Anguish weeps no more,
 Where injur'd Spirits soar,
 Never to die !

[*Excunt.*

SCENE II.

A chamber in LORENZO's quarters, with a viranda opening on the sea. Evening. A Servant waiting. LORENZO searching among some papers at a table.

Lor. Victoria's picture lost!—Yet how 'twas lost,
Baffles all thought;—'twas lodged upon my heart,
Where it lay ever, my companion sweet,
Feeding my melancholy with the looks,
Whereon once lived my love.

(*To the Attendant.*) Go, boy; take horse,
And hurry back that loiterer.

[*Musing, and looking at the casement.*
How lovely thro' those vapours soars the moon!
Like a pale spirit, casting off the shroud
As it ascends to Heaven! (*He rises, and goes to
the casement.*) Woman's all false.]

Victoria! at this hour what solemn vows,
What deathless contracts, lovely hopes, rich
dreams,

Were uttered in the presence of the moon!
Why, there was not a hill-top round the Bay,
But in our thoughts was made a monument,
Inscribed with gentle memories of Love!
Upon yon mount our cottage should be built,

Unmatched since Paradise ;—upon the next,
A beacon should be raised, to light me home
From the Morocco wars; the third should bear
The marble beauty of the patron saint,
That watch'd me in the field—

Enter SPADO.

Return'd at last?

Have you brought back the picture? Where was't
found?

Or give it without words.

Spa. I've ranged the city,
Ransacked the jewel mart, proclaimed the loss,
With offer of reward, throughout the streets,
Yet still it is unfound.

Lor. (Agitated.)—I'll not believe it.
You have played truant! 'tis not three days, since
I sav'd you from the chain.

Spa. I know it well.
Signior Torrento, with whom I had—starved,
Left me to rob, or perish in the streets.

Lor. I'll make the search myself; bring me my
cloak.

Spa. (Going, returns.)—There are grand doings
in the square to-night;
The Villa is lit up.

Lor. (In surprise.)—The Count Ventoso's!

Spa. From ground to roof, the walls are in a
flame

With lamps, and burning torches ; blazoned shields

Fill all the casements, from which chaplets hang,
And bridal banners ; [LORENZO in agitation.

Then, the companies
Of city music, in their gay chaloupes,
Play on the waters ; all the square is thick
With gazing citizens.

Lor. (*Musing.*)—Ventoso's house ?

Spa. I wish 't were burnt ; there never came a
night,

This bitter week, but found me at its gate,
Shiv'ring, and singing with my gay Signior.

Lor. Torrento ! [In surprise.

Spa. Nay, I saw the lady come,
Ready to make a love march.

Lor. Falsehood !

Spa. (*Bowing.*) Truth !

Lor. She could not sink so deep. [Aside.

(To SPADO.) When was this seen ?

Spa. Twelve hours before you hired me.

Lor. (*Agitated.*) 'Twas the day,—
The very day I landed.

Woman, woman !

This was your fainting ; this the secret shame,
That chok'd your voice, filled your sunk eyes with
tears,

Made your cheek burn, then, take death's sudden
hue ;

This was the guilty memory, that shook
Your frame at sight of me.

(To SPADO.) What did you hear?

Spa. Nothing! but that some luckless, loving dog,
Some beggar suitor, some old hanger-on,
Was just kick'd out amid the general laugh.

Lor. Insult and infamy!

For what? for whom? [Half aside.]

Spa. For a Magnifico—a Don of dons.
A Prince—sups there to-night.

Lor. (*Musing.*) And for that knave,
That prison-prince, was all their jubilee?
So much the better! When the mask's torn off,
'Twill make surprise the sharper; Shame, more
shame;

The rabble's laugh strike with a louder roar
Into their startled ears—

(To SPADO.) Some paper, Sir.

(*Musing.*) That slave shall marry her!
They run to the net

Faster than scorn could drive them.

Let them run. [He writes, reading at intervals.]

"I have abandoned,"—"Marry her,"—

"Five hundred crowns more" [He rises.]

This—Signior Desperado, shall revenge me;
I'll make them all a sport, a common tale!

(He folds the letter, addresses it, and reads.)

"To His Highness, the Prince de Pindemonté."

A sounding title, made to win the sex;

Fit bait for vanity.

(*To Spado.*) Take this with speed
To his palazza ; if the Prince be gone,
Follow to Count Ventoso's. (*He drops his head on
the table.*)—Oh, Victoria !

Spado. (*Takes the letter, peeps into it.*)—"Five hun-
dred crowns." — A draft on His Highness, no
doubt. I'll draw a draught on him, too—a draught
on his cellar. When the high contracting parties
deal in loans, the ambassadors have a right to their
per centage.

[*Exit.*]

(*Music heard outside,—approaching.*)

SEPTETT.—(French.)

Joy to Ventoso's halls !
Eve on the waters falls,
Crimson and calm.
Stars are awake on high,
Winds in sweet slumber lie,
Dew-dipt, the blossoms sigh,
All breathing balm.

Come, gallant masquers ! all,
Come to our festival,
Deck'd in your pride.
Beauty and birth are there,
Joy to the lovely Pair !
May time and sorrow spare
Bridegroom and Bride !

Lor. What words are those ? "Joy to Ventoso's
halls ;"

And I, who should have been the foremost there,

Must be an exile ! (*Disturbed.*) Married!—and to-night !

—'Tis but the song of the streets !

(*Indignantly.*)—Have they not scorned me,—broken bond and oath ;

Taunted my birth !—'Tis justice.—Let them feel !

(*Musing.*)—I may be noble ! Paulo's dying words Had mystery in them—

(*A distant sound of the Chorus is heard.*)

(*He starts.*) How will Victoria bear
The sudden shames, the scorns, the miseries,
Of this wild wedlock ; the companionship
Of the rude brawlers, gamblers, and loose knaves,
That then must make her world ?

(*Dejectedly.*) Her heart will break,
And she will perish ; and *my* black revenge
Will thus have laid her beauty in the grave.

(*Rising suddenly.*)—He shall not marry her.

(*Calls.*)—Is Spado there ? [*The Chorus is heard more distantly.*

A SERVANT enters.

Serv. Signior, he 's gone ! He left the house on
Lor. My letter ! 'twill ruin all ! [the spur.

(*Calls.*) Bring me my horse.
I will unmask the plot of my revenge ;
And having saved her, sever the last link
That binds me to the world. [*He rushes out,*
the Chorus passing away.

End of Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

VENTOSO's HOUSE.

A handsome apartment; a beaufet with plate; a showy chair in the centre. Servants are arranging the room.

LEONORA glides in.

Leon. Grand preparations! All the dancers come!

Oh, were Torrento here! but he is lost!

The merriest fellow that e'er woke the night

With the sweet music of a lover's vows.

(*A low Symphony of Horns is heard without, which continues till the Song.*)

Oh, silver sounds! whence are ye? From the thrones,

That spirits make of the empurpled clouds,

Or from the sparkling waters, or the hills,

Upon whose leafy brows the evening star

Lies like a diadem! O, silver sounds!

Breathe round me till love's mother, slow-paced
Night,

Hears your deep summons in her shadowy cell.

Air.—(Spanish.)

Oh ! sweet 'tis to wander beside the hush'd wave,
 When the breezes in twilight their pale pinions lave,
 And Echo repeats, from the depths of her cave,

The song of the shepherds' returning !

And sweet 'tis to sit, where the vintage festoon, my love,
 Lets in, like snow-flakes, the light of the moon, my love ;
 And to the castanet
 Twinkle the merry feet,
 And beauty's dark eyes are burning, my love.

But sweeter the hour, when the star hides its gleam,
 And the moon in the waters has bath'd her white beam,
 And the world and its woes are as still as a dream ;

For then, joy the midnight is winging :
 Then, comes to my window the sound of thy lute, my love,
 Come tender tales, when its thrillings are mute, my love :
 Oh, never morning smil'd
 On visions bright and wild,
 Such as that dark hour is bringing, my love !

*The COUNTESS enters, followed by BERNARDO,
 with plate.*

Coun. Bernado, set those cups on the beaufet,
 These tankards in the middle. (*She gazes.*) There 's
 a sight.

Where are the covers ? What 's the man about ?
 Must I do all the work with my own hands ?
 (*To another.*)—Bring out the bowl ! Heaven knows
 for what you're fed.

Bring out, I say, my mother's christening bowl.
 (Saints rest the time, I seldom left it dry.)

Softly, Sir,

China's not iron. Blockhead! by my life,
I wish the world were peopled without men!
(This night will kill me.)

(*To another.*)—Where 's your master, knave?

Ven.—(Entering exultingly.)

Here, Countess ! I have news for you,—the Prince !
He's the true Phœnix !—I have heard of him
Through all the 'Change,—a bird of Paradise !
A man of gold and silver ! a true mine !
Lord of Calabria ! I shall be a duke !
Why, he could buy the bank of Venice ; sleep
Bedded on ingots ; play at dice with gems,
Common as counters.—Prince de Pindemonté,
Next to the Italian throne !

Coun. Thanks to the stars,
Most glorious news! I dream'd of it last night;
Saw golden showers, proud dames and cavaliers,
All silk and diamonds.

Ven. Signior Stefano
Well knows the name. I thought to tell you, love,
This new acquaintance asked himself to-night;
We must endure him; he's a gentleman,
Landed to-day from Naples, with a bond,
A debt of our late kinsman's, whose discharge
Would swallow half the estate.

Coun. I've done with trade.
I'll have no fellows, black as their own bales,
To meet my son-in-law. [Flourish of music.]

The Prince arrived !

You must receive his Highness with a speech ;
 Lay on the flattery thick ; trumpet his name ;
 Your great men have *great* ears.

Ven. (*In alarm, and receding.*) — *I* make a speech !

I'd take a tiger by the beard as soon.
 You'll entertain his Highness. I have aches,—
 The night air's bad for argues. I'm asleep :
 Cannot I steal away ? - I hate grandes !
 I've had them on my books. [*He implores.*]

Coun. Here you must stay.
 (*To a Servant.*) — Call in the singers.

Enter SINGERS. She ranges them.

Now, as his Highness enters, sing the stave
 You sang for the King's entry. Sing it out ;
 I'll have no whisperings for my money.

[*She throws herself into a chair.*

(*Flourish of Clarionets and Horns outside.*)
 “His Highness the Prince de Pindemonté” is announced
 by successive Servants, outside.

Bern. (*Entering, announces*) — His Highness the Prince de Pindemonté.

(*The Septett begins, and, at the second verse,
 a train of Valets, richly dressed, enter.
 TORRENTO, magnificently costumed, follows, and flings himself into the chair ;
 the Valets ranging themselves behind.*)

SEPTETT and CHORUS.

Hail! to proud Palermo's city,
Fam'd for all that's rich and rare;
Fam'd for women, wise, yet pretty—
Miracles—as women are.

Fam'd for churches, without slumber
Fam'd for statesmen above sale;
Fam'd for judges, no law tumber;
To the world's ninth wonder, hail!
Prince, to proud Palermo, hail!

(TORRENTO, reclining himself indolently.)

Tor. Bravo! bravissimo, superb.—Begone!
I'm weary of you. [The SINGERS retire.
(Looking round.)—Showy pictures, plate,
Tapestry.—Twill do. [Aside.
(To BERNARDO.)—Pray, fellow, who are those,
Bowing beside me?
(To an Attendant.)—Carlo, bring my musk.

Coun. (To VENTOSO.)—Address the Prince—
[Aside.

Ven. (In alarm.)—Not I, for all the world!

Coun. Stand forth, my Lord.—The Count Ventoso, Prince. [VENTOSO attempts to speak,
TORRENTO surveys him.

Ven. Most mighty! most magnificent! [He stops in embarrassment, repeats his words,
and stops again.

Coun. The man 's tongue-tied !
 (To VENTOSO.)—I will address his Highness.

[*Aside.*

(She addresses TORRENTO.)

Most noble, puissant, and illustrious Prince,
 Whose virtues, dignities, and ancient birth,
 This day both honour and eclipse our house.

Ven. Eclipse our house !

[*Attempting to harangue.*

Tor. (*Half aside.*) Rival orators !
 (With hauteur.) Honour ! This moment there are
 ten grandes

Waiting, with each an heiress in his hand ;
 I leave them to despair. The Emperor
 Offered me three archduchesses at once,
 With provinces for portions.—I declined.

Ven. (*Haranguing.*)—This day eclipse our house !

Coun. A Grand Signior !

Torr. Aye, there 's my whisker'd friend, the
 Ottoman,
 A brilliant spirit, spite of Mahomet,
 The finest judge in Europe of champagne—
 He would have given his haram, wife and all.

Ven. His wife !—a wise old Turk. [*Aside, laughing.*

Torr. (*Impatiently.*)—Where is the bride ?

Coun. She waits your Highness' bidding.

Ven. (*To the Countess.*) Listen, wife ;
 No tyranny. She must not be compelled. [*Aside.*

Coun. (*To VENTOSO aside, angrily.*)—Hold your wise tongue—if she's a child of mine, I'd make her wed a hippopotamus. [Exit.

Ven. A hippopotamus! (*Laughing.*)—'Twixt son and wife

I might turn showman.

Tor. (*Advances towards a picture.*) A noble picture, Count—a Tintoret?

Ven. Some martyrdom, or marriage—(all the same.) [Aside.

But Prince,—my Titian,—worth its weight in gold. [Pointing to a picture.

Bernardo. (*Announces*)—The Signior Stefano.

[He enters haughtily.

Ste. So, Count, your servant! Use no ceremony. A showy house.—Those brawling citizens Have blocked your gates. I fought my way;— 'tis hot;

Here, lacquey, take my cloak. [Sits.

Now, where's your son-in-law. [To VENTOSO.

Ven. (*In alarm.*) His Highness' chair! St. Anthony!—He'll see you.—'Tis the Prince. [Pointing.

Rise, honest friend!

Would you be sent to the galley? Here's my wife— Rise, if you'd keep your ears—She'll talk to you.

(This is the wildest fellow of them all.) [Aside.

The Countess! Signior.

Coun. (*Leading in VICTORIA, veiled.*)—Prince de Pindemonté,

This is the hand too honour'd—

Ste. Pindemonté !

(A bold usurper.) (*Aside.*) Bid him turn his face.

[*To VENTOSO, anxiously.*

Tor. 'Tis Leonora ! I must talk her dumb,
Or else Torrento's name is on her lips,
And so my Princedom 's vanished. [Aside.]

(Affectedly, as VICTORIA approaches.)

'Tis an enchanted vision ! Ha ! she comes—
There 's music in her motion. All the air
Dances around her. Venus ! There 's a foot,
So light and delicate, that it should tread
Only on flowers, which, amorous of its touch,
Should sigh their souls out, proud of such sweet
death.

So glides upon her clouds the queen of Love !
So sovereign Juno won the heart of Joye.

Ste. (*Aside.*)—A high-flown wooer ! Now,—
that face ! Oh, Heaven,
There 's no similitude ! Deceived—deceived—
No touch of the voice, no glance ! I'll try him deep,
Ere I have done with him.

Tor. (*To VICTORIA.*) Transcendent one !—
The countenance that would befit this shape,
Must be a miracle. Nay, envious veil !

[*He lifts the veil, and stands surprised.*

Coun. He's struck at once! [Aside to COUNT.]

Ven. Countess, I'll be a Duke!

Ste. As sure as he's a prince—(old Vanity.)

[Aside.]

Tor. A paragon of beauty! and alone? [To the
Has she no sister-witchery? COUNTESS.

Coun. None—none—

Fit to be looked at—

Ven. But a girl, a child,
Still at her sampler. Here's the heiress, Prince!

Tor. Then 'twas some cunning witch of Sicily,
Some chamberer, that winds her mistress' silk,
A bright-eyed gipsy with a silver tongue,
That won my serenades. [Aside.—He takes

a miniature from his bosom, and gazes on it.

'Tis beautiful!

A ruby lip, a check carnation-dyed.

A deep, love-darting eye! The recreant slave!

He should have treasur'd it, as monks their beads,
A thing to pray by.

Vic. ('Tis my miniature,
Given to Lorenzo!) (Aside, anxiously.)—Was it
lost by chance? [To TORRENTO.]

Tor. (Exultingly.) — Yes; by such chance as
hangs upon the die!

To me rich fortune! for this crystal round,
Like a bright lamp, first lit me to the shrine,
Where I have turned—idolater.

Vic. (*Anxiously.*) (His stake !
Lost among gamblers!) (*Aside.*) Let me look on't,
Sir !
(I'll drive him from my heart.) (*Aside.*) Has it a
name ?

Tor. (*Holds it playfully from her—STEFANO advances to him.*)

Ste. (*Sternly.*)—Give her the picture ! What ! re-
sist the wish

Told in the glistening of a fair maid's eye !
When *I* was young, I should have ranged the earth,
Plung'd in the billows of the angry sea,
Defied the hungry desert, leap'd the moon !
Rather than see my lady's rosy lip
Pale with soliciting. Give her the picture.

(*STEFANO grasps it, and gives it to VICTORIA, who retires overwhelmed.*)

Vic. Lorenzo ! cruel, faithless Lorenzo ! [Exit.

Tor. (*Irritated.*)—Count, what buffoon is this ?
the lady fled !—

Taking my soul with her. Gonsalvo—ho !
Seize this old bravo—to the jail with him,
The deepest dungeon, (He may lodge in mine.)
[*Aside—Attendants approach.*

Coun. The deepest dungeon !—

Ven. Pardon, gracious Prince,
He's old, light-headed, is my guest to-night ;
He knows your Highness well.

Tor. (Betrayed, blown up.) [Aside.]
Know me? Impossible!

Coun. He know the Prince!
Out with him, husband.

Ste. (I will spare his shame.) [Aside.]
Lady, some mercy! I am old,—and time,
That makes such havoc in a lady's cheek,
May cloud an old man's brains; I had mistook
Your Highness for a famous reprobate:
'Twas in Algiers;—he wore the turban then;
A gambling, fighting, roving, spendthrift knave,
Familiar with all jails. I'll lay my life,
He's deep this hour in knavery, plotting thick,
To drain some dotard's purse, beguile some maid,
Or lead some ancient idiots by the ears,
As easily as asses. And his name,
I think—'twas called—Torrento! [Looking on TOR.

Tor. Still unhang'd?

Ste. His time will come, my Prince.

Ven. (Aside to COUNTESS.) Torrento!
Can he be living? old Anselmo's son,
The rightful heir, whose coming thrusts us out
From title and estate?

Coun. (Aside, angrily, to VENTOSO.)—I know he's
dead,—
As deep as seas can drown him.

Signior Stefano,

Where is that varlet?

Tor. (Fixing his eye upon him.)—Not in Sicily.—

Ste. This sounds of Curiosity ; beware !
 'Twas woman's sin in paradise.

Ven. And since—

Coun. 'Tis woman's privilege ; 'tis the salt of the earth.

Tor. He must be bribed. I'll lead *them* from the scent ;

I'll rhapsodize the fools. [Aside.]

CURIOSITY !

True, lady, by the roses on those lips,
 Both man and woman would find life a waste,
 But for the cunning of—Curiosity ! [runs,
 She 's the world's witch, and through the world she
 The merriest masquer underneath the moon !

To beauties, languid from the last night's rout,
 She comes with tresses loose, and shoulders wrapt
 In morning shawls ; and by their pillow sits,
 Telling delicious tales of—lovers lost,
 Fair rivals jilted, scandals, smuggled lace,
 The hundredth Novel of the Great Unknown !
 And then they smile, and rub their eyes, and yawn,
 And wonder what 's o'clock, then sink again ;
 And thus she sends the pretty fools to sleep.

She comes to ancient dames,—and stiff as steel,
 In hood and stomacher, with snuff in hand,
 She makes their rigid muscles gay with news
 Of Doctors' Commons, matches broken off,

Blue-stocking frailties, cards, and ratafia ;
And thus she gives them prattle for the day.

She sits by ancient politicians, bowed
As if a hundred years were on her back ;
Then peering through her spectacles, she reads
A seeming journal, stuff'd with monstrous tales
Of Turks and Tartars ; deep conspiracies,
(Born in the writer's brain;) of spots in the sun,
Pregnant with fearful wars. And so they shake,
And hope they'll find the world all safe by morn.
And thus she makes the world, both young and old,
Bow down to sovereign CURIOSITY !

Ste. The knave has spirit, fire, a cunning tongue ;
Can it be he ?—and yet, that countenance. [Aside.]

Coun. Your Highness sups with us ? We have
a dance ;
A hurried thing. My daughter will return.
She 's gone into the air—the night breeze stirs.
You 'll honour us ? [Offering her hand.]

Tor. (*Affectionately.*)—I 'll follow you thro' earth—
By Cupid's bow, by his empurpled wings,
By all his arrows—quiver'd in those eyes.

Coun. (He 's an angelic man !) [Aside.]
[He leads her towards the door.]

Ven.—(*Offering his hand.*)—Friend Stefano,
There 's no ill blood ; be gay ; you 'll come with us—
Would he were in the dungeon—Renegade !)
[Aside]

Ste. (I'll see that girl. Truth, stain'd and scorn'd
by man,

Makes woman's heart its temple.) (*Aside.*) To your
dance?—

No—while there's freshness in the open sky,
Silence in night, fragrance in breathing flowers,
Or music in the murmur of the waves!—

I'll walk in the garden. Leave me:—I'll come
back

By supper time. (I'll know the truth this night.)
[*Aside—he goes.*

Ven. (*Looking after him, surprised.*)

There's a proud step, the frown of a grandee!
Poh! I'll be one next week! I'll learn the step!
I'll give as fierce a frown—as cool a stare;
Look dignity with any duke alive.
I'll strut with all the blood of Charlemagne!

[*Imitating a stately gesture.*

Coun. (*Calling.*)

Count!

Must I stay here all night?

Tor. (*Rapturously.*)

Countess—your

slave!

What jewels would you choose to wear in church?
My noble father; there's a hunting lodge,
A trifling thing of fifty thousand crowns,
In my Calabrian woods. The toy is yours.
If you have friends who wish for pension, place,
Now is their time to ask. Give me your ear. [*To*

VENTOSO.

I made the Minister. (*Aside.*)—Be what they will, Consuls, commissioners—east, west, north, south, *I* will provide for them: Lead on, my Lord!

[*A Dance is heard within.*

Breathe sweet, ye flutes! Ye dancers, lightly move, For life is rapture, when 'tis crown'd by love!

[*VENTOSO leads. The COUNTESS is handed by TORRENTO, who moves round her to the music.*

SCENE II.

A Saloon, decorated for a Fête, opening on the Garden, with a view of the Bay. Illuminated boats, fireworks, &c. The Dance has begun. Towards its close, TORRENTO, handing the COUNTESS, with VENTOSO leading the way, enters.

Tor. Magnificent! Incomparable! Superior to my friend the grand Signior's fêtes—to Naples—to the Tuilleries—superb! But the goddess of the night! Where is your lovely daughter?

Coun. She will be here by-and-bye. Seek for her, Bernardo.

(*A tumult is heard outside. The Dancers retire.*)

Coun. (*Irritated.*)—What can be the meaning of all this noise? Street serenaders! Voices prodigiously high!

Tor. (*Listening.*)—But set in a prodigiously low key. A quarrel among the footmen.

[*The noise increases.*

Ven. They are breaking into the house. Worse and worse. [He hurries to the door.]

Tor. (*Listening.*)—It's more like breaking out of prison. A bravura of *bar* music, with a *running* accompaniment of chains—“linked sweetness long drawn out.” [*LORENZO’s voice heard outside, through the clamour.*]

Lor. The Count *will* see me. The Count *shall* see me. Out of my way, scoundrels—I will cut the throat of the first that stops me. [*He bursts into the saloon, forcing the Attendants before him.*]

Coun. The Captain!—Insult.

Ven. The Captain!—(*Bloodshed.*) [*Aside.*] { *Toge-*
Tor. The Captain!—(*Ruin.*) [*Aside.*] *ther.* }

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. (*Agitated.*)—Count, I come to—(*Sees TORRENTO.*)—Oh! *you* here, Sir.—Give me my letter this instant.

Tor. What do you mean?—I have no letter. (What, in the name of confusion, brings you here?—You'll destroy your own scheme.) *Aside.*

Lor. (All's safe, then.) (*Aside.*)—Count, I make no apology. I have come to render you the most essential service;—to warn you, that you are on the brink of disgrace,—that your family are about

to be plunged into contempt, vexation and shame,—that this marriage is—a mockery! and this Prince—an impostor!

Tor. (An explosion! All's over—I have nothing to do but to make a run for it.—The door crowded.) (*Aside.*)—Count, you can't believe this? You should know me better.

Ven. Here's a discovery! An earthquake! Is this possible? (*To TORRENTO*)—Why, he has not a word to say in his defence. No Prince!—Yet I thought I could not be mistaken, he was so monstrously impudent.—There was something in old Stefano's hints, after all. Know you better! Sir, I don't choose to extend my acquaintance in *your* line at present. The world is full of impostors!

Coun. Can I believe my eyes!—He seems mightily cast down. [Looking at TORRENTO.

Ven. Aye—cast for transportation.

Tor. (The girl's worth fighting for. I'll battle it out.) (*Aside.*) (*To LORENZO*)—Sir, my insulted honour scorns to defend itself but by my sword. Dare you draw? [He half draws his sword.

Lor. (*Bursting into a contemptuous laugh.*)—Draw! and with *you*! Go, draw corks.—The devil take his impudence! Begone, Sir!

Coun. There will be *suicide*; I shall faint.

Tor. Countess, I respect your delicacy. (*Sheathes his sword.*) You shall have proof irresistible of my

rank and honour. *You, Sir,* shall hear of me tomorrow. [To LORENZO.]

Lor. Count and Countess, I congratulate you. This is true triumph ! Leave the house. *His* rank and honour, ha, ha ! He will not find a gentleman in the whole circuit of the island to vouch for his character, his property, or his title.

(As TORRENTO retires, SPADO totters in behind, drunk, holding up a letter.)

Spa. A letter, my Lord Count. (*The Attendants attempt to hold him.*) Dog, would you stop royal correspondence ? would you rob the mail ? Is the Prince de Pindemonté here ? (*Totters about.*) Keeps mighty good wine in his Palazza. I'll drink his health any time in the twenty-four hours. A letter—for the—Prince de Pindemonté.

Lor. (Exclaims.)—Spado ! (Rushes forward.)—That's my letter, Sirrah.

Tor. Spado ! (Seizes the letter.)—That's my letter.

Coun. Horribly inebriated. We shall come at the truth at last.

Ven. I wish they were all three looking for it at the bottom of the deepest well in Sicily. [Aside.]

Tor. (Exultingly.)—Here, Count and Countess, is convincing proof ! his own letter,—for the fellow *can* write,—addressed to me ! (Reads.)—“To his Highness the Prince de Pindemonté.”

Spa. (Tottering.)—*You* the Prince—ha, ha ! a prince of good fellows ; always liked him. Worth

a hundred dozen of that guitar-scraper, that sighing Cavaliero, that pays me my wages now, and be hanged to him. Oh! my master!

[Sees LORENZO, and runs out.

(TORRENTO glances over the letter:—)

Tor. “Five hundred crowns more?”—(Aside) Psha! contemptible!

Lor. What devil owed me a grudge, when I wrote that letter. [Aside.]

Ven. I should like to see the inside of that paper, Sir.

Tor. Bad policy, that. (TORRENTO shifts it away.) No, spare him. (In his ear.) Merely a begging letter:—“Pressure of the times—tax upon pipe-clay—deficiency of shoes.” Beginning, as usual, with sycophancy, and ending with supplication.

Ven. (Peeping over his shoulder, reads.)—“Scoundrel!” A very original compliment. I must see that letter. (He seizes it, and reads.)—“Scoundrel!” Nothing very sycophantic yet.

Lor. (Attempting to obtain the letter.)---Count, I must insist. That letter is mine; written for the purpose of relieving you from all future trouble on this painful subject.

Tor. Count, it is impossible. Private correspondence—seal of secrecy—tale of distress—

[Reaching at the letter.

Ven. (Reads.)—“Scoundrel!”—

Tor. Confound it ! You have read that three times.

Ven. (Reads.)—“ I am determined to take no further interest in Count Ventoso’s family.”—Very proper : just what Count Ventoso wishes.

Lor. There—there, read no more. That was my entire object. (*Interposing.*) Tear that letter.

Ven. (Reads.)—“ I have abandoned all personal respect for that pedigree of fools.” Pho—

Coun. Fools ! A libel on the whole nobility.

[*Angrily.*]

Tor. The Captain ’s in a hopeful way. [Aside.]

Ven. (Reads.)—“ No contempt can be too severe for the bloated vanity of the vulgar Mother ;”—

[*He laughs, aside.*]

Coun. Excellent ! I like it extremely. Bloated ! So, Sir, this is your doing. (*Going up to LORENZO.*) —Bloated vanity ! He deserves to be racked—bastinadoed. Husband, throw that letter into the fire !

Lor. Count, hear me ; hear reason. Will you be plundered and disgraced ? Will you have your family degraded, and your daughter duped ? Read no more of that unfortunate letter.

Ven. I must have a line or two yet. (*Reads.*)—“ Or the inanity of that meagre compound of title and trade, the—ridiculous Father.” (*In violent anger, going up to LORENZO.*)—Death and daggers, Sir ! Is this all you have to say ? What excuse ? What

reason? Out of my house!—Inanity—meagre! Out, out! Go! (He tears the letter.) I'll bring an action! Title and trade! There is the impostor. (Pointing to LORENZO.)—Out of the house! I say.

COUN. Out of the house! Prince, let us leave him to himself. [She gives her hand to TORRENTO.

TOR. His whole story is palpably a fable. (I think I have peppered the Hussar pretty handsomely. Beat him by the odd trick at last; trumped the Captain's knave.) [Aside.

[Leading off the COUNTESS towards the door.

COUN. Come, if the Captain want amusement, let him laugh at himself. I can assure him the subject is inexhaustible. [Exit with TORRENTO.

VEN. (Looking at LORENZO.)—A fine figure for the picket or the pillory. Meagre inanity—Title and trade! [Exit COUNT.

LOR. (Looking after them, gloomily.)

Now is my light extinguished! Now the world
To me is but a melancholy grave,
Wherein my love lies buried. Life, farewell!

STEFANO. (Speaking to an Attendant without, as he enters.)—Gone to the banquet?—

[He enters, and starts at seeing LORENZO.
Who are you?—Speak!—Let me but hear your voice—

You are not native here. [He comes up to him.

Lor. (*Sullenly.*)—What wonderer's this?
Out of my way, old man! [Attempting to pass him.
Ste The very voice!
The living likeness! Hold, my heart! One word—
Your name?—

Lor. (*Fiercely.*) 'Tis infamous!

Stef. 'Tis noble blood
That fills your veins. [Gazing on him.

Lor. (*With a bitter laugh.*)—Mine—noble blood!
Begone!

Tempt me no further—for this hour, my mind
Is feverish—bitter—thick with sullen thoughts,
That touch on madness.

Ste. I will go with you.

Lor. Tho' 'twere into my grave!—then follow
me.

[LORENZO rushes out—STEFANO gazing on him.

End of Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Mess Room.—Sabres, caps, &c. hung up. The COLONEL, MAJOR, and CORNET at Table, after dinner.

Cor. The actual Prince de Pindemonté arrived, and to be proclaimed Viceroy to night!—We shall be broke, every soul of us;—excoriated of fur, lace and feather, for life; utterly nonentified! Muffs and meerschaums.

Col. This arrival is certainly most unexpected and unlucky. Is there any thing of the Prince in the evening paper, Major?

Maj. (Glancing over it)—Heads of columns, paragraphs, rank and file. (Reads.) “Marriage in “high life—Grand boxing match: Fashionable “boarding school—Capital man-traps: The co-“met—New tale of the Isle of Sky: Polar pas-“sage: voyage to the moon.” Ha, ha! not a syllable, Colonel.

Col. One of the aides-de-camp has just taken the order for parade to Lorenzo’s quarters. This love is a formidable thing, when it keeps a man from messing. The lady’s picture is certainly striking.

Maj. She’s a beauty of the first water. She should lodge in my heart on a lease for ever, and as long as she liked after.

Col. Lodge in your *heart*, Major? In your *head!*—
love reigns a tyrant, if he reigns at all.

Cor. In the Major's head! Muffs and meer-schaums, would you put the lady into *unfurnished lodgings*?

Col. Let it pass, Major. Forgive the Cornet his brains; you'll quarrel with no man about *trifles*.

Maj. Very true, Colonel. But I can't help wondering what makes the Cornet always so hard upon love and the ladies. I should have thought him the most successful wooer in the corps.

Cor. Ha, ha! You compliment. (He civilizes.)
(*Aside.*) Major, a glass of wine.

Col. Conciliatory claret? Major.

Maj. No; it's too cold for the occasion. Here, Cornet, a generous bumper of Madeira. My countrymen always go for their *healths* to Madeira.

Cor. And for their morals to *Port* (Jackson, I think they call it.) (*Aside to the COLONEL.*) But now, Major, be candid. Why did you think me likely to succeed with the sex?

Maj. Because—the dear creatures are so fond of their own faces, that they always choose a fellow as like themselves as they can. By the glory of the Twentieth!

Cor. Diavolo! you shall answer for this.

[*Rising angrily.*

Col. Poh! Swallow it with your wine. Here's Lorenzo; he'll laugh at you. Welcome, Captain.

We must be on parade before the new Viceroy in half an hour. The order, I see, reached you in good time.

LORENZO enters.

Lor. In the worst time possible, Colonel. I cannot obey it. I would rather throw up my commission.—Victoria is to be married to-night.

[*Dejectedly.*

Col. Rapid manœuvring, that. Marriage in full gallop. Hymen turned into a hussar.

Maj. His old rank was in the *rifle* corps.—Ha, ha !

Cor. Throw up his commission! Muffs and meerschaums! Wear plain clothes, and be taken for a doctor or a lawyer, or some such *diablerie*. The man's crazed—canine. (Try if he'll stand a glass of water.)

[*Aside to MAJOR.*

Maj. No ; water proves nothing in the corps. All hussars have the *hydrophobia* by nature.

Lor. Those people about Victoria make a bugbear of me. It is to prevent presumed disturbance from me, that this unfortunate ceremony is thus hurried ; and is to take place in an old castle a league out of town.

Col. And are we to buy or blow up your castle?

Lor. None of the family have ever visited it. It was left to the old Count to dispose of in some way or other. Their ignorance seemed to allow

me a chance of rescuing Victoria from ruin. Spado has already ordered our grooms to drive their Prince, and be hanged to him, and his cavalcade, round the suburbs, and, under cover of night, lodge them in the jail instead of their castle. I shall then burst upon them, and break up the imposture at once, by flinging the impostor into his dungeon before their eyes.—(SPADO enters.)—And here's Spado. What have you done? Have you settled their reception with the jailor. Are the grooms prepared? Are the cavalcade going? [To SPADO.

Spa. Signior, the cavalcade are gone. I saw them off: a grand show, Sir, private as it was! The old Count and Countess full of bustle-blunders and Brussels lace, according to custom; the bride full of blushes and tears, according to custom; and the bride's maids, servant maids, and maids of all descriptions, full of laughing and impudence, tattle and white top-knots, also according to custom. I will be revenged on some of them, yet.

Lor. Silence, Sir; go out of the room.

Spa. To be all but pelted by them; bouncing baggages! By St. Januarius, the hussies sent a peal of tongues after me! Peal of thunder! It was enough to sour all the wine in the island.

[Goes, murmuring.

Col. Yet, Lorenzo, if the affair be so close upon beginning, we can all go with you. We have still half an hour before parade.

Lor. My dear Colonel, I must insist on going alone. I know the result of having used the Vice-roy's name ; and no man shall be implicated in my misfortunes. On this hour may depend every future moment of my life. I must go,—were I never to return.

[Exit.]

(MAJOR, COLONEL, and CORNET, *buckling on their sabres.*)

Maj. (*Calls.*)—Wait a moment. Off like a rocket. You shan't go alone, unless you take us along with you ; that's plain.

[Exit.]

Col. That's plain ; yes, plain Irish, Major.—Forwards !

[Exit, laughing.]

Cor. (*Equipping himself.*)—Detestable, to be hurried in one's making up. Irish !—The Major's blunders spring up as thick as blossoms in one of his own potatoe fields. Perdition to all straps, strings, and stay-laces, I say. (*Trying to put on his accoutrements.*)—Chin-stays and chokebands ! Diavolo ! Sebastian, my sal volatile. (*He calls.*)—My tailor has been taking measure of some one for the half pay—no allowance for dinner. Viva ! there's a form. The Major was right. Irresistible ! “ C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour.”

[Exit, singing.]

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Jail, with a rude attempt at decoration on the walls. A wreath of tarnished flowers, festooning a grated window. Prisoners are busy removing chains and bolts. Some are sitting at a small table, drinking. The JAILOR comes in hastily, with LAZARO.

Jail. Hurry, hurry!—Off with yourselves and your table. By St. Januarius, this looks showy, gay, quite in the gala style, Lazaro. I wish we had the floor chalked ;—we might have a quadrille —Ha, ha, ha! (*A noise of chains outside.*)—Hurry, hurry! We are to have grand visitors to-night. Rather an odd place for a wedding, to be sure.—What would you say to being one of the bridesmaids, Lazaro—ha, ha, ha! (*The prisoners laugh.*) But now away with you, every man to his cell.—What! grumbling? Why, you dogs, you ought to think yourselves the luckiest fellows alive to be here.

Song.—JAILOR and Chorus.

He who lives in a jail
Will never turn pale,
With a dun at his tail,
For his bolts are his bail;

He may dance, drink, and sing,
As free as his king,
From Monday to Monday morning.

(CHORUS repeats.)

When once he 's here,
At the world he may jeer,
And pay no more debts than a prince or a peer,
But take his fling,
Till he takes his swing,
All on a Monday morning.

Jail. Off with you, here comes the party. Away, hounds ! (*Exeunt LAZARO and Prisoners.*)—Here they live without rent, tithe, or taxes, and do as little for it as if they were so many lords ; and yet they will grumble ! [Exit.]

[*A door is unlocked, and the COUNT, COUNTESS, and TORRENTO, highly dressed, come in.—TORRENTO starts, and looks suspiciously round the hall.*]

Tor. Upon my honour, Count, this is the most singular looking castle. And what a detestable atmosphere of rank tobacco, and vinegar wine ! Your friend must have lived like a bashaw or a bandit, and this was the black hole.

Ven. The Marquis was a singular man, certainly. (*He looks about.*) Very gloomy, very ancient ; a very ghostly habitation.

Coun. Husband, husband, its a very fine castle ;

our reception was quite royal, sentinels on the walls, lighted torches, drawbridges up, altogether a very grand affair.

Tor. (*Aside.*)—It has the look of a jail, the smell of a jail—it feels like a jail. (*To Ven.*) Why have you brought me to this detestable place? A wedding in this—condemned cell?

Ven. Excellent name!—very appropriate for the ceremony—chains for life. Ha, ha, ha!

Tor. Chains for life—capital jest—ha, ha, ha! (*He forces a laugh, which gradually diminishes.*) A prodigious smell of thieves. [Aside.]

Coun. Prince, this is but the reception room; I ordered the grand baronial hall to be prepared for the ceremony—and this is, I suppose, the door. (*Tries it.*) Bless me, it is lock'd.

Tor. (*Runs over to it, and tries it.*) Lock'd, aye, and double lock'd. (*Aside. Angrily to VENTOSO.*) For what purpose is this locking up, Sir? And at this *early* hour too; it's against all rule.

Ven. (*Soothingly.*) Your Highness! this can be nothing but the carefulness of the servants. My friend, the Marquis, was a very particular man, and locked up every thing, himself included. He was a great buyer of all sorts of oddities, curiosities, and monstrosities. He built this castle for a show, and then shut it up like a prison. You have heard of the Marquis Chiar' Oscuro?

Tor. The Marquis ! unquestionably—my most particular friend. Ha, ha ! that explains the whole matter, and this was the castle ;—I heard of his sale at the Antipodes. He had a wing of the original Phœnix—Pope Joan's marriage articles—Queen Elizabeth's wedding ring—a wig of Dido of Carthage—and a pair of pantaloons made for Don Bellianis of Greece. (*They laugh.*) But the ladies—

Ven. Aye, where are the ladies ? always late, always lingering.

Coun. I have left them in another apartment till the arrival of the priest. There must be no hurry, no precipitation. Marriage is a serious thing.

Ven. Yes, your Highness ; it is as little of a joke as any thing in the world. But let us begin. (One is not the more reconciled to the dose, by looking at it.) (*Aside.*) I will run after the ladies.

[*He hurries out.*

Tor. And a very gallant run for your age.—But now, my charming Countess, for on my honour, with that bloom on your cheek, and that brilliancy in your eyes, I can't bring myself to call you—Mother-in-law. Now—[*Voices of the Hussars without.*

Officers. Ha, ha, ha !—By the glory of the Twentieth—excellent, down with bar, bolt, and chain—Muffs and meerschaums—Allspice and sugar canes—[*The Hussars burst in.*]

Maj. Bravo ! just in time ; the turtle 's under

the net. (Colonel, let's have a laugh at the Cornet.) (*Aside.*)—Cornet, may I have the honour of introducing you to—the *Bride*.

Coun. The whole barrack broke loose, as I'm an honest woman!—(*To TORRENTO.*)—*Bride!* what do the monsters mean?

Tor. (The Hussars ! found out and followed.—*Bride*—the old Countess—Ha, ha !) (*Aside.*)—Don't mind their insolence. Those gentlemen are court jesters, paid for making themselves ridiculous ; and by all that's absurd, they earn their money. Away, Lady. [They approach the door.

Cor. (*Surveying her with his glass.*)—*The Bride* ! a very antique susceptibility—a grand climacteric, touched by the heavenly passion.

Col. It must have been something heavenly ; for nothing earthly could have done it.

Maj. Yes ; like an old tree, set on fire by lightning.

Cor. (*Still approaching.*)—Victim of Cupid — Maiden innocence—(Virgin virago !) [*Aside, to the Officers.*

Coun. (*Bursting away from TORRENTO, and following the CORNET.*)—Why, you red mountebank ! — you impudent man-milliner ! — you thing of mummery and moustaches—you King's bad bargain—you apology for a man—you trooper——

All. “Trooper !”

Maj. It's the old lady herself! Countess Figs and Raisins, by the glory of the Twentieth.

Col. Let me see her with the naked eye. Ginger and Cayenne to the life!

Cor. The venerable charmer that insulted the whole regiment. The old horse-marine! Bless me, how she prances! Why don't you stop her—Colonel—Major— [He shrinks.]

Maj. I would as soon stop a chain-shot.

Col. I would as soon stop an avalanche.

Cor. Avalanche! If the tongue could take fire by friction, she would be a volcano.

Maj. Every one to his taste; but if the daughter be like the mamma, I would as soon marry a mermaid.—Where can Lorenzo be?—I will go for him—They'll be off.

Col. Gathering nerve on the terrace—forsooth—they'll escape—stay, Cornet.

Cor. Stay in this den and be devoured?—'Pon honour—No. [They go out.]

Coun. The coxcombs!—Open the door, I say.

[Calling.]

Tor. They are unlocking. (*Listening.*) Three locks! That's the twist of a turnkey,—I'll be sworn to it, in any jail in the world. [Aside.]

[*The door opens—VENTOSO enters, handing in LEONORA.*]

Ven. Your Highness—my daughter. Any news of the priest?

Leon. Torrento ! Is it possible ? [In surprise.]

Tor. Leonora, by what wonder has this happened ? I am delighted beyond expression. I have a thousand questions to ask. Count and Countess, excuse me a moment.

Leon. And is this a time to ask ? I am overwhelmed with surprise, with sorrow, with shame. I thought that you had fled from Palermo. I lived only in the hope of your return. But to find you here, my sister's bridegroom—*you* the Prince !—Traitor, I will unmask you.

Tor. Hush ! one word. I will satisfy all your doubts ; I expected to meet you ; I have been as much deceived as yourself. I'll marry none but you. I swear, by the brightness of your eyes, by every star—

Leon. Ah ! yours, I fear, are wandering stars.

[He leads her up the stage.]

Coun. A mighty handsome reception, indeed ! The Prince's affability is charming. 'Tis all the way in high life. Friendships are as quickly made there as—

Ven. They are unmade. He 's prodigiously affable. Why, it 's absolute love-making. (*Calls.*) Your Highness, the bride is coming. By St. Agnes, he forgets her, as much as if they had been married a month.

VICTORIA, attended by Bridemaids, enters.

LORENZO enters from an opposite door.

Lor. Victoria ! [Irresolutely.

Vic. Lorenzo! [She is overwhelmed.

(To the Count.) There's a dimness on my eyes !
Save me, my father. I would rather look
Upon the pale and hollow front of death,
Than meet that glance.

Lor. (Advancing.) Victoria ! if your heart—

Coun. Stand back, plebeian ! Marry with your
like.

There lies the door. Begone !

Ven. (Calling to TORRENTO.)—Prince ! take your
bride.

(Those wives and daughters !) [Aside.

Lor. Scorn'd, aspers'd, disdain'd,
For blood, that flows as hotly in my veins
As in an emperor's. [Indignantly.

Can birth bequeath
Mind to the mindless ; spirit to the vile ;
Valour to dastards ; virtue to the knave ?—
'Tis nobler to stand forth the architect
Of our own fame, than lodge i' the dusty halls
Of ancestry !—To shine before the world,
Like sunrise from the dusk, than twinkle on
In far and feeble starlight !

Here we part ;
One kiss, fair traitress ! (He kisses her.) Death-like
cold and sweet.

And now the world's before me.

This be all,

Early or late, Lorenzo's epitaph :
That he had deem'd it nobler, to go forth,
Steering his sad and solitary prow
Across the ocean of adventurous deeds,
Than creep the lazy track of ancestry.
They be the *last* of theirs, *I* first of mine.

Vic. Lorenzo, hear me.

TORRENTO and LEONORA *re-appear.*

Coun. Will she kneel to him ? Can she endure
this insult ? Prince, take your bride.

[To TORRENTO.]

Tor. Who dares insult her ? That rioter come
again ! Sir, the man who offends this lady must
not live. [LORENZO turns.]

Lor. I had forgot !—Vagabond,—Ho—Jailor !
Fling this impostor into the dungeon from which I
took him. [VENTOSO and the Females in surprise.]

Tor. Draw, and defend yourself ! (*The JAILOR, LAZARO, and Assistants, rush in behind TORRENTO, and pinion him. The Hussars return.*) Stiletto ! 'Tis the jail—completely tricked, trapped, trepanned. What 's all this for ? (*To the JAILOR.*) —Handcuffs—'tis against prison rules—I have not broke bounds—I'll give bail to any amount—a thousand sequins—ten—twenty thousand. The Count will go security. (*Aside.*) Count, I say—

[Calling.]

edVen. I am deaf! Security! Swindler! How shall we escape? How art thou, my son?

HiLeon. Undone—undone. Save him, dear father, save him. How art thou, my son?

Jail. Restive! Ho! on with the handcuffs, Lazaró. The bosom friends!

Lor. Off with that culprit to his dungeon.

Tor. Count and Countess, this is a conspiracy. I will have justice!—vengeance,—scoundrels! high treason!—injur'd prince!—Pindemonté!—

Ven. Let us escape. Security indeed! Here is security with a vengeance—locks and bars—to find myself in a jail! Open the door! [They knock.]

Col. I think the business is tolerably complete, Major. Their pride is like a cast charger—down on the knees. It will carry the mark beyond all cure.

Maj. Yes; like the scar in a fine woman's reputation, it will be widening for life.

Cor. They will be in no want of our trumpeters, now—They will be *blown* every step they go.

Troopers! Muffs and meerschaums!

Col. (A Bugle sounds.) Officers! the call to parade. Troopers! Pride! ha, ha, ha! Troopers! Birth—Pride! ha, ha! [He urges the MAJOR and CORNET out, laughing.]

Lor. Count and Ladies, farewell. We have met for the last time. You, Victoria, have suffered

for the crime of inconstancy ; you, Count, for the folly of being a slave to the will of women ; you, Countess, for the violence of your temper ; and all for your common crime, Pride ! Farewell for ever.

[*Exit.*]

Vic. If sorrow—shame—penitence !—Oh, Lorenzo !—He 's gone.

Leon. If I can climb the walls, or undermine the dungeon, or dry up the moat, or bribe the guards, my true Torrento—my unfortunate Torrento—shall not linger another day in prison. [*Aside.*]

Coun. Undone—insulted —laughed at—I shall never be able to hold up my head again. We must fly the country. Our pride has had a fall.

Ven. Aye : now boast—now triumph. A fall !—and so hard a one, that may I be in the Gazette, if I ever try a fall again. Here, Victoria ; Leonora, help to bear up your mother's griefs. Hers is a *heavy case*, a very *weighty concern*, indeed. *She* see through a rogue ! She might as well see to the end of a suit in Chancery. Pride—ruin—madness !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

An apartment in VENTOSO's House. VICTORIA and LEONORA come in.

Vic. At home again! Stay with me, Leonora—My brain is wild. I can scarcely think that we have escaped from that hideous prison. Did not Lorenzo upbraid me, cast me off?—I will take the veil.

Leon. Take the veil! take nothing but courage. Your beauty might kill a whole regiment of officers, instead of pining for one. I would not give a sigh to save the whole army-list—Yet, I feel some strange, delightful hope, that all will yet be well—Your Prince, you see, was one of *my* adorers—In coming to marry you, he thought he was come to marry me—Monstrous impudence in either case. (I shall have him yet for all that, if I'm woman.) [Aside.

PISANIO enters.

Pisan. Ladies, your immediate attendance at the palace is commanded by order of the Viceroy, the Prince de Pindemonté.

Vic. The Impostor!—Viceroy! impossible!

Leon. Torrento, Viceroy ! incredible ! Got out of prison—got into the palace—He is the great sublime of impudence. I adore him for his ingenuity.—Can the news be true ?

Pisan. Nothing more certain, my lady ; the nobility are going in crowds to the palace—the Count and Countess have been summoned, and are already gone. The guards are on parade :—and one of the officers is now waiting below, to have the honour of escorting you, when the carriage returns.

Leon. (*Runs to the mirror.*)—Heavens, what a head ! the damp of that odious prison has made me the very emblem of a weeping willow.—Come, sister, dear Victoria, rise ! Will you wear plumes or roses ? But smile, and you will conquer. You can then return, and—take the veil, if you choose.

[*She attempts to arrange her dress,*
VICTORIA repels her.

Trio.—(Italian.)

VICTORIA.

Spirit of Love ! the heart still deceiving ;
 Still, on the dim eye delicious dreams weaving ;
 Still, with sad pleasure the torn bosom heaving ;
 Go ! I'm thy slave and thy victim no more !

LEONORA.

Spirit of Hope ! from thy light pinions shedding
 Flowers where the steps of young Passion are treading,
 Sunny hues over life's sullen clouds spreading,
 Here, live or die, at thy shrine I adore !

Spirit of Joy! on those bosoms descending,
Come, like the day-star, the weary night ending;
Come, like the bow with the summer storm blending,
Bid all the anguish of true love be o'er.

VICTORIA.

Love!—from my bosom—the traitor disdaining!

LEONORA.

If I am scorned, I shall die uncomplaining.

PISANIO.

No bitter tear must those rich cheeks be staining;
No thought of woe must those young hearts be paining.

VICTORIA.

Spirit of love, &c. &c.

SCENE IV. AND LAST.

The Palace.

Attendants in waiting. OFFICER without calls.

“ Make way there! The Count and Countess of Ventoso.” They enter. The OFFICER leads.

Officer. His Excellency the Prince Viceroy is engaged, but will see you as soon as possible.

[He withdraws.

Coun. Now, husband, what have you to say for your wisdom, Solomon?—The Prince’s seizure was clearly a conspiracy. He will doubtless hang the

conspirators, but then they are only hussars. Here we are, by the express command of his Highness the Prince de Pindemonté !

Ven. But this connexion of the jail and the palace ! mighty strange—I have it—they want to squeeze money out of me—a forced loan.

Coun. He has sent for my daughters. Mark my words. There will be a wedding to-night (*Looking round*) ; a very pretty apartment for the ceremony. On my virtue, I should like to apply for a suite here, with a handsome pension.

Ven. I don't doubt you, my love ; a taste for the public money is not uncommon in either sex.

Coun. Bless my stars ! there is your Signior Stefano—he's every where. I before suspected him of being a Jew, but now I am sure of it. Nothing else could have such access to people of quality. (*Enter STEFANO.*) Signior, retire ; I positively will not give you my countenance here.

Ste. For what is all this ? (*In surprise*) Madam, I'm not fastidious, but, upon my honour, your ladyship's *countenance* is one of the last presents that could excite my gratitude.

Ven. (He can't bear for five minutes what I have been bearing these forty years.) [Aside.]

Coun. He's a spy of Lorenzo's : but rather than give my daughter to that buff-belt, I'd marry her to the Khan of Tartary.

Ste. (Aside.) (I'll not be vexed.) Madam, if the

tongue made the *Tartar*, you would be worthy of the throne yourself. Spy! This to a man of honour! Count—

Ven. Friend Stefano; a man of honour may be like a debt of honour—a mighty roguish affair. You have been all day plaguing me with questions about Lorenzo. I now tell you to keep your distance, and leave us alone.

Ste. Undoubtedly, Count. No man can less envy you your society. By Jove! I would as soon sail in company with a fire-ship. (Pestilence! Their absurdity had almost put me in a passion.) (*Aside.*) Keep my distance! ha, ha! I tell you, Count, your title and estate are not worth the feather in your hat... Is there no poor devil, whom you have suffered to ramble in rags and rascality through the world? Now, none of that look of insolent innocence—I know the whole story—your crime was, not to have hunted for him: I know he was tossed out by chance among the Algerines, to begin his education.

Coun. Where, I'll be sworn, you finished yours, monster!

Ste. (*Irritated.*) Madam, Countess—(No, she sha'n't put me in a passion.) (*Aside.*) Where a woman loses all other charms, she ought to preserve at least one,—temper, Madam. I tell you, that the heir to your usurped estate lives within this island—this city; within a hundred yards of this spot, Madam.

Coun. I insist on seeing the Prince.

Ven. I don't believe a word of your story. I'll not give up a sequin,—I'll go to law first,—I'll go to ruin first.

Ste. Aye; they generally go together. Your prince you shall see. I dare say you are perfectly worthy of each other. (*To an OFFICER.*) Is his Highness coming? [*He goes to the door, and continues bowing.*]

Off. Room there—his Highness approaches—room!

Coun. The old rogue, how he cringes! He could not stoop lower if he brought up an address from the Corporation.

Ven. A puzzling dangerous dog; but I'll bite the biter.

ATTENDANTS, *announcing "His HIGHNESS."*—
Laughter within.

Tor. (*Within.*) Asses and idiots! out of my way, you pampered buffoons! Must I never stir without a rabble of you grinning at my heels? (*He enters.*) The Count and Countess! Confusion! what brought them here?

Coun. We come by your Highness's command.

Ven. We wait your Highness's orders.

Tor. Count and Countess, I am overwhelmed. I can submit to the indignity of disguise no longer. I am no prince—I am nobody—nothing—but one

of the thousand luckless children of chance, that fight their obscure way through the world. (**VICTORIA** and **LEONORA** attended, come in. To **LEON**.) We must part, my love. I am unworthy of you; and from this hour I care not on what sea or shore fortune may fling me.

Leon. No, Torrento! we part no more. I have been unwise, and you unfortunate. But here I swear to follow you with constancy as strong as life or death. We are one. [*They go up the stage.*

Coun. Impudence unparalleled! I appeal to the Viceroy. I interpose my authority.

Ven. And I interpose—

Ste. Your experience! It must be confessed no man could give a more formidable warning. The Viceroy shall be informed of your appeal: for once justice shall be done you without a fee. [*He goes.*

LORENZO enters, unperceived by all but **VICTORIA**, and takes her hand.

Lor. My love, all must be forgiven; I have the most delightful intelligence, the happiest discovery. I have just been with the—

(*The Countess suddenly turns, and exclaims*)
Coun. The Captain! another impostor—another stolen match—my brain turns!

Lor. Countess, if honour and attachment, long, and perhaps severely tried, can entitle me to this lady's hand—

Vic. My father, if duty, if love, if feelings pained to agony can move you—(*Kneeling.*)

Ven. Another daughter gone! By all means, Madam. What next? Is there any thing else you would have, Captain? I only beg to know where I am? In a jail again? Gang of thieves! Sir, is there any thing about me that strikes your taste? (*To an Attendant.*) My watch and seals—my purse, Sir? (*To another.*) Does any gentleman insist upon the Countess? No, that stock lies on hand.

ATTENDANTS enter, announcing the VICEROY.—

Flourish of Music. STEFANO enters, splendidly dressed, and attended by the HUSSARS.

COUN. (*Advances.*) Your most gracious Highness. (*She recognizes him.*) Stefano the viceroy! what have I said to him—I could bite off my tongue.

[*Aside to VENTOSO.*]

VEN. (Well resolved, Countess; do so, and we shall both be quiet for life.) Stefano the viceroy! (We shall both be sent to the galleys.) [*Aside.*]

MAJ. Poh! the Viceroy will forgive you. Must a man never open his mouth to a stranger, unless he's an old acquaintance?

STE. Count, I have heard something about a love affair in your family. I have certainly no right to insist upon the Captain's being your son-in-law.

Coun. I knew it. Your Excellency's justice will prohibit all future presumption.

Ste. Madam, my Excellency's justice might as well hope to prohibit all future mankind. Lorenzo, what have you to say for yourself?

Lor. Nothing, my Lord, (*leading VICTORIA,*) but to express my delight, my happiness, at this day's discovery ; my reverence, my love. [They kneel.

TORRENTO and LEONORA return.

Ven. Aye, flattery does every thing here.

Ste. Well, Madam, as he cannot have the honour of being your son-in-law, I am afraid he must be content with — Rise, Sir! stand forth—the son of the Viceroy of Sicily, of Stefano, Prince de Pindemonté. Come to your father's arms, my long-lost, late-found son, my gallant son !

Lor. My father! my generous, noble father!

All. His son!—Viva! viva!

Vic. My lord and love!

Leon. Happy Victoria!

Ste. There, Sir, go mollify the Countess. (But if you find her as tough a subject—as I did)— [Aside. Now, take your bride, and be happy. [To LORENZO.

The HUSSARS approach.

Officers. We congratulate you, Prince, Lady, we wish you all happiness. [To VICTORIA.

Ste. All is easily explained:—In the Italian wars, I sent my infant heir, with a large property, to the care of Anselmo, my banker, in Cadiz. He was a villain. Of course the only one of his tribe—He substituted his boy for mine. His son was taken by the Algerines. Then, dreading inquiry, he changed his name to Ventoso, and brought up this gallant wooer (*To LORENZO*) in obscurity. How I have obtained this knowledge so lately, how I obtained the Vice-Royalty for the purpose of a closer search, how I preserved my incognito till the search was complete, you shall hear at the banquet, to which I now invite you all.

Tor. Your Highness! since you have the talent of finding out sons, perhaps you can find out fathers too. Whose son am I? somebody's, I suppose.

Ste. In looking for the Captain, I accidentally traced your career. I found your errors more of the head than of the heart. You have your liberty. Count and Countess, you must resign your titles.

Ven. With all my heart.

Ste. And, with them, Anselmo's estate.

Ven. Ruin! I'm not worth a sequin.

Coun. I'm thunderstruck.

Ste. Torrento, stand forth; *you* are Anselmo's heir! *you* are the banker's son!

Maj. Then, upon my conscience, there'll be a mighty great run on the bank.

Tor. (*In exultation.*)—A banker's son, magnificent! a golden shower!—Leonora, my love, we'll have a wedding worthy of bankers. What trinkets will you have? the Pitt diamond, or the Great Mogul. A banker, my angel! 'Tis your bankers that sweep the world before them! What army shall I raise? What cabinet shall I pension? What kingdom shall I purchase? What emperor shall I annihilate? I'll have Mexico for a plate-chest, and the Mediterranean for a fish-pond. I'll have a loan as long as from China, to Chili. I'll have a mortgage on the moon! Give me the purse, let who will carry the sceptre.

Count and Countess, you shall keep your titles, and be as happy as mirth, money, and macaroni can make you.

Lorenzo, and all, advance.

* *Lor.* Fair ladies, nobles, gallant cavaliers! This day shall be a bright one in the web Wherein our lives are pictur'd—Thro' all years This shall be holiday—The prison gates Shall know no envious bars; rich pageantries Shall paint our love-tale; children's merry tongues Shall lisp our names; and old men, o'er their fires, Flourish their cups above their hoary heads, And drink our memory! Come in, sweet love!

* *

[*To Victoria.*

Tor. (To LEONORA and the rest.)

Now ! to the banquet. Having fix'd our fates
With freedom, title, fortune, loving mates !—
If I have erred, 'twas youth, love, folly ;—here,
With generous hearts around, I scorn to fear—
Where heroes judge, and beauty pleads the cause,
Who talks of censure ? Give me your applause.

END OF THE PLAY.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. YATES, as the CORNET.

(*He hurries in.*)

LADIES and Gentlemen!— quite out of breath—
 Ten thousand pardons!—teas'd, star'd, talk'd to death—
 Found it scarce possible to get away,—
 Those Greenroom persons,—monstrous deal to say—
 Queens, heroes, ghosts, priests, ploughmen—in full swing—

I'll give you some—few—touches of the thing.

Imitations.

- Y. A Comedy! A new-born miracle!
 Comes it with airs from heaven or blasts from hell?
 Is it a spirit of health, or goblin *damped*?
- F. Poh, fudge and nonsense! Are the Boxes cramm'd?
- H. The Pit has had a fainting-match and fight;
 Of course, you'll have it acted every night.
- F. Boy! Print to-morrow's Bills,—‘*No standing room*,’
 And ‘*Not an order, for a year to come*.’

Mrs. D. Has it no scandal in 't? No Lord's jobation?

(*Mrs. Mal-aprop.*) No Lady-bird? No crim-concatenation?

F. See Act the Fifth. *That* ‘elevates,—surprises.’
(Sir Fretful)

B. “I think it falls.”

F. “ You mean, Sir,—rises, rises.”

B. ’Tis passable.—His next—perhaps, will mend.

F. ’Tis *passable*! (A d—d good natur'd friend.)

Imitations.

- M. No scalpings in't,—no squaws! my friends the Yankees
For ten such Plays, I guess, would'n give ten thankees.
- C. Sir, that's a plain affront! *I* like the Play:
Such nights as these, Sir, ar'n't seen every day.
- T. Such nights!—I tell you that those things won't *tell*;
Why didn't he dramatize St. Ronan's Well?
Write wholesale from *my* friend Sir Walter's page?
- M. The *Well!* Aye—' Real water on the Stage! '
Why, Drury! Zounds—He'd drown your CATARACT.
- E. *He* drown my—I'll but state one stubborn fact;
Ladies and Gentlemen!—These fifty years—
Lend me your ears (such of you as have ears)—
That piece *shall* run!—I always speak my mind—
The WATER is the way to *raise the wind!*
And, since I've *wet*, I'll *dry* the British Nation;
My Benefit-night's—the GENERAL CONFLAGRATION!
- F. D'ye think the author has a knack for rhyme?
I'll make him *Laureate* of the Pantomime.
- M. His cast is good!—The man need have no fear,
(Virginius.) Were but 'my daughter, my Virginia,' there.
- R. I *luve* Victoria! She's my heart—my *loife*,
Tuck her who dare.—She'd make a pratty *woife*!
- I. " May my mare slip her shoulder, but *I'll* take
(Macheath.) The *yung'un.*"
- B. Gentlemen! for Shakspeare's sake,
Leave us our Nightingales!—We want them all—
Falstaff himself without them now must fall.
- K. Shakspeare to music! Every inch a King!
' Richard is *hoarse.*' I'll choak before *I'll* sing.
- At length, escaped,—myself again,—alone,—
I supplicate at Beauty's native throne.

By the high splendours of our ancient day ;
 By those we 've seen, and wept to see—decay ;
 By our—by *Mankind's Sheridan!* whose tomb
 Is scarcely closed !—

But no—no thoughts of gloom ;
 Again comes *COMEDY!* So long untried :
 Give her your smiles !—

The victory 's on our side.
 Your smiles have won the day !—Thanks each and all :
 Now, now indeed—" *Our* pride shall have *no* fall."

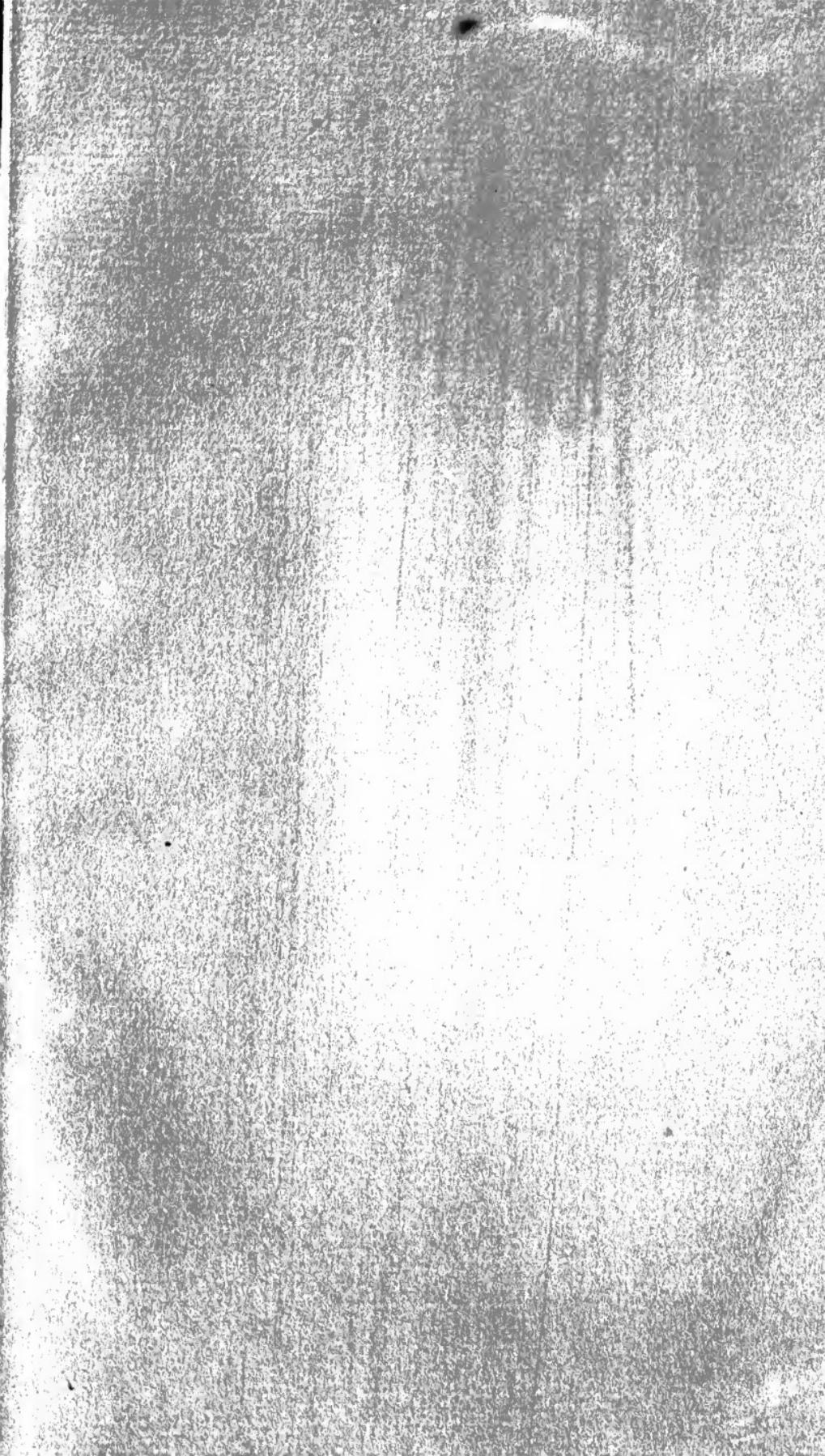
SONG.

(Substituted for that in page 64.)

LEONORA.—(Italian.)

WHEN Eve's blue star is gleaming,
 When wakes the dewy breeze,
 When watch-tower lights are streaming,
 - Along the misty seas ;—

Oh, then, my love ! sigh to me,
 Thy Roundelay!
 The Night, when thou'rt nigh to me,
 Outshines the Day.



PR Soane, George, supposed autho
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